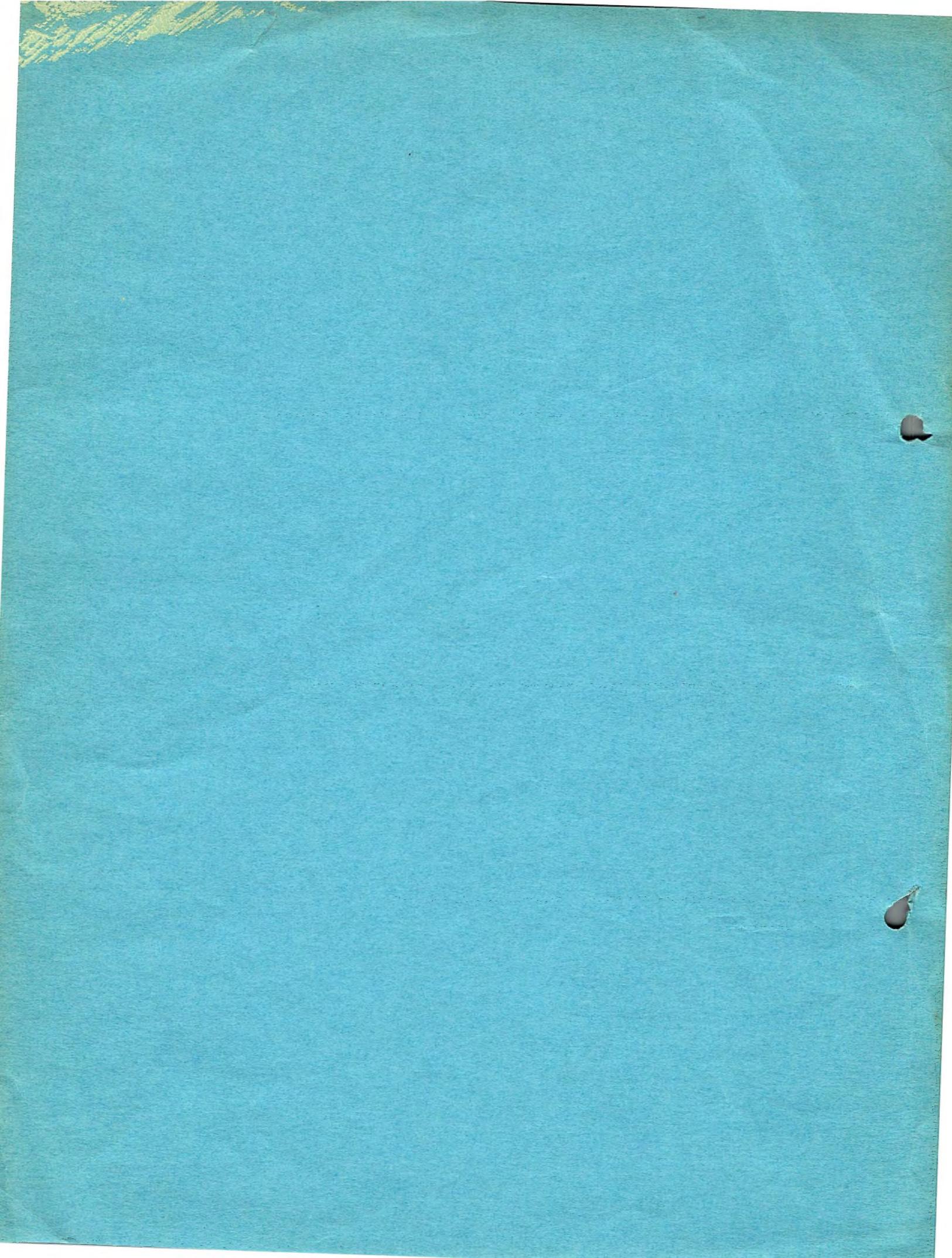


Scim Contest

1940-41



# The Sea-gull

WY

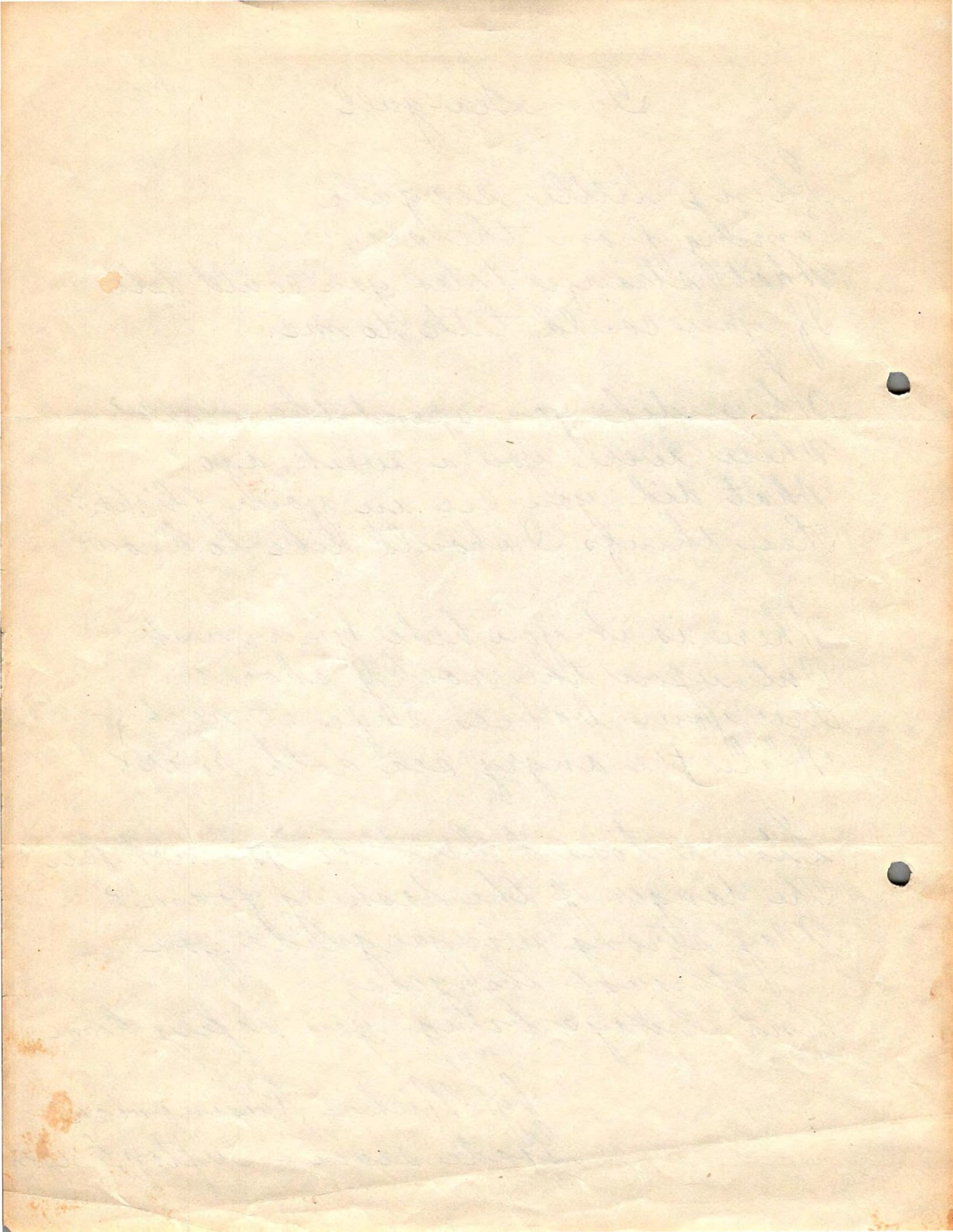
Shiny little seagull  
Coming from the sea,  
What strange tales you could tell  
If you could talk to me.

Where did you spend the night?  
Where were you a week ago?  
What did you see in your flight?  
These things I should like to know.

Where is it you hide your nest  
Out upon the rocky shore?  
Are your babies safe at rest  
While the angry sea doth roar?

Storm-tossed bird do you not fear  
The danger of the dashing foam?  
May strong wings guide you  
Through the year,  
And always bring you safely home.

by ~~Nickie~~ Rusinovich  
Grade seven - Clifton, Oregon



# my Puppy

2<sup>nd</sup>

Little puppy black and gray  
What mischief have you done today?  
Those socks or clothing have you torn  
Since first you wakened in the morn?

Yes, there you sit with wistful eyes  
While on the floor beside you lies,  
The tatters of my Sunday coat  
You're worse than any silly goat.

Le Roy Wechter  
Dist #10

8th Grade



Oscar V. Daglund 7th Grade Knappa Con. # 4

The Fisherman

3/1

I am a jolly fisherman.  
My life is gay and free.  
I love to smell the salty tang  
From the misty sprays of sea.

I work hard when the fishes run,  
And catch as many as any man.  
For when each season's work is done,  
I live as best I can.

A fisherman's life is like the sea.  
It has its ups and downs.  
I know not what it holds for me,  
When its breakers leap and pound.



Phyllis Olds  
Seventh Grade

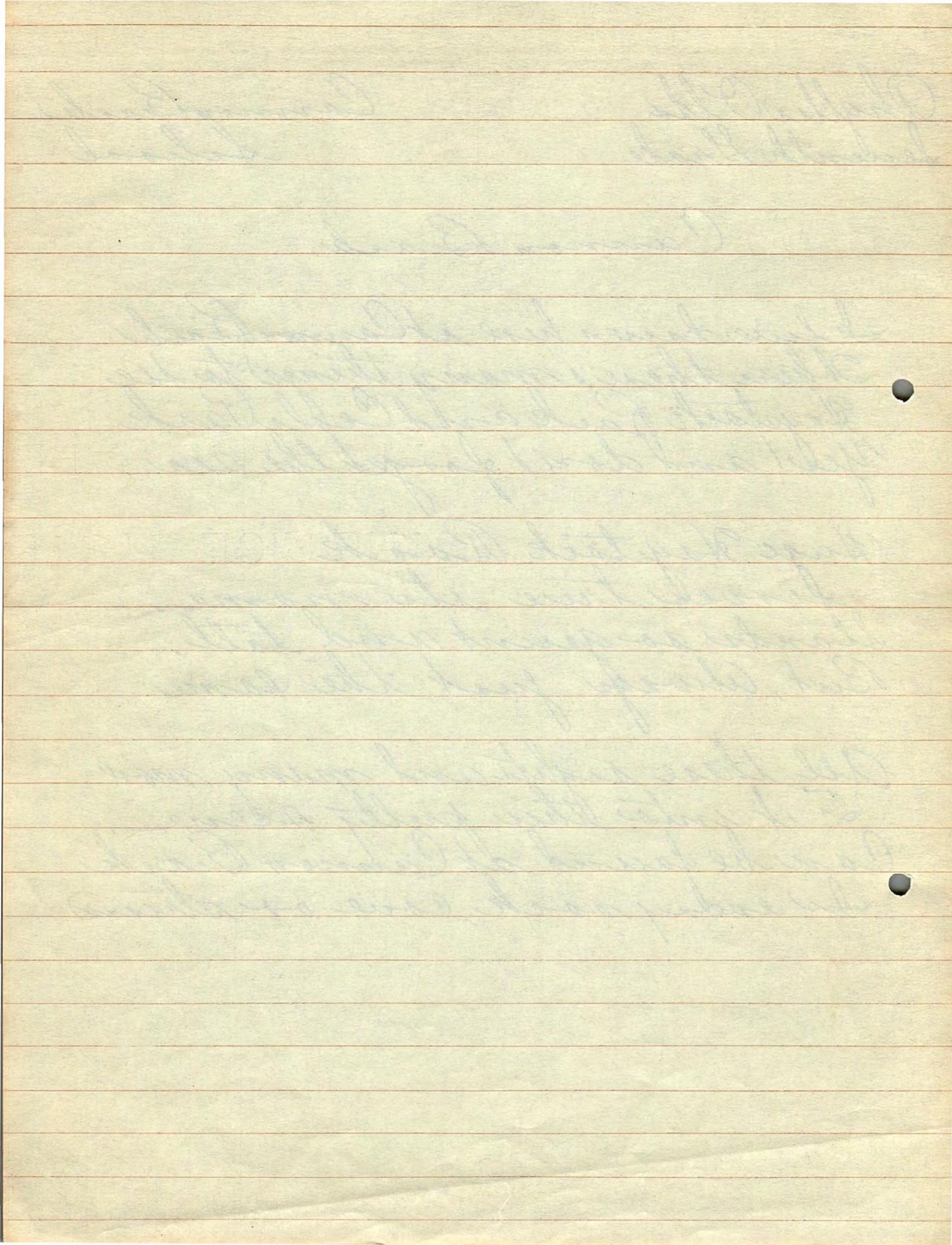
Cannon Beach  
School.

## Cannon Beach.

I live down here at Cannon Beach  
Where there's many things to see,  
Haystack Rock and Coby Park  
Yes! and don't forget the sea.

Huge Haystack Rock  
Serves true its name.  
Stands so gaunt and tall,  
But, always just the same.

All these sights and many more  
Fit into this pretty scene,  
Can be found at Cannon Beach  
In every rock, cove or stream.



## LOST FOREVER

I have often wondered where  
All my spending money goes  
To the city here or there  
For shoes, socks, or other clothes  
Never a penny to save  
Even on a permanent wave.

Five dollars for a new coat  
Four dollars for a new hat  
Two dollars to rent a boat  
Many a dollar for this or that  
Always a dollar here or there  
And yet I never seem to get anywhere.

Bills, bills, bills  
Always joy it kills  
Money, money, money  
Is what everyone grabs  
How odd and funny  
That no one crabs.

ESTHER CURNOW

GRADE EIGHT

HAMMOND GRADE SCHOOL

HAMMOND, OREGON

## A Sea Chanty

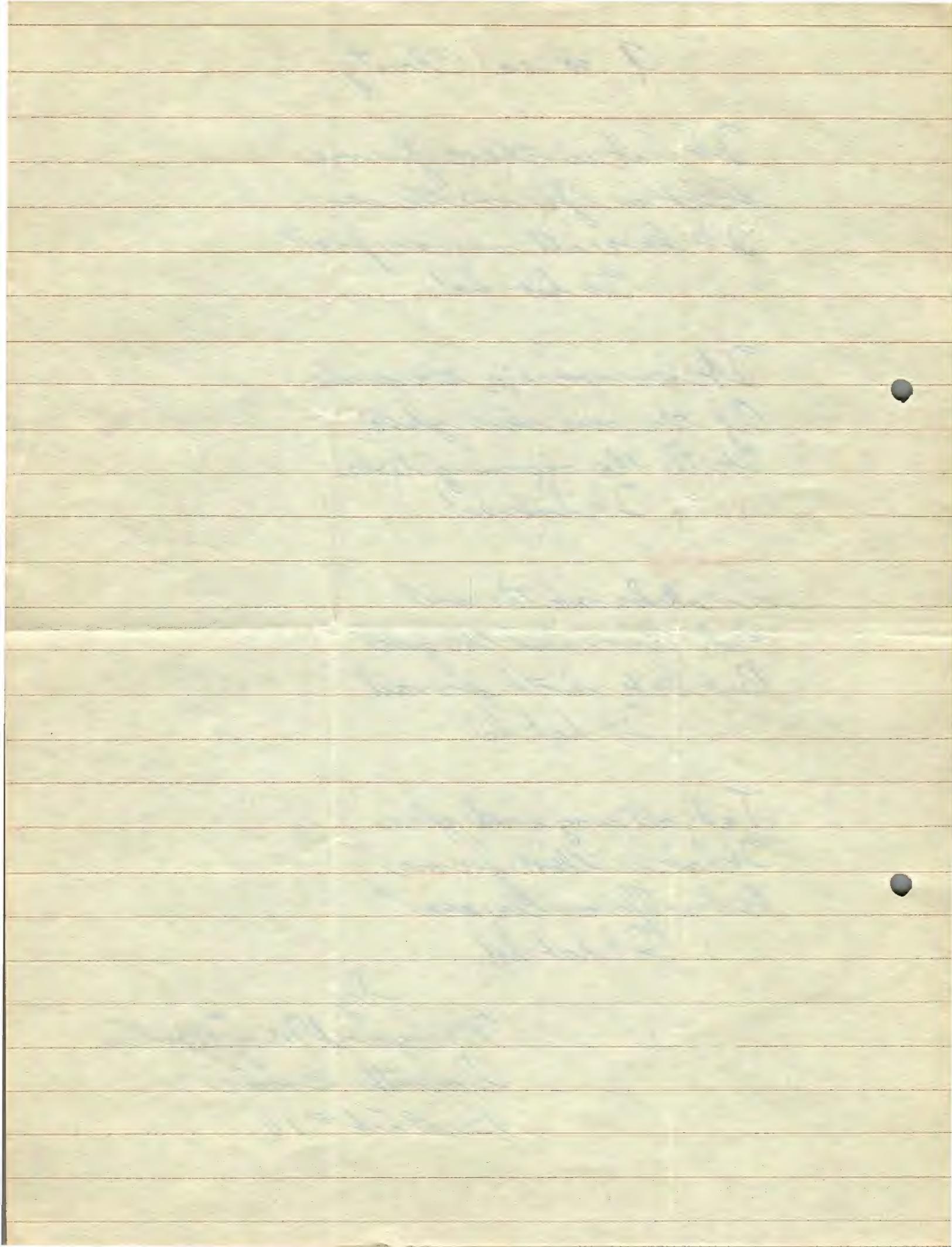
What is there for me  
But a life on the sea  
There all men are free?  
What ho!

What our ship, the pride  
Of the seas, shall glide  
With the oncoming tide.  
What ho!

So shake out the sail  
And ne'er mind the gale  
But let mis'ry prevail  
What ho!

Let all sing with glee  
"What is there for me  
But a life on the sea?"  
What ho!

by  
Margaret Mary Martin  
Seventh Grade  
District #10



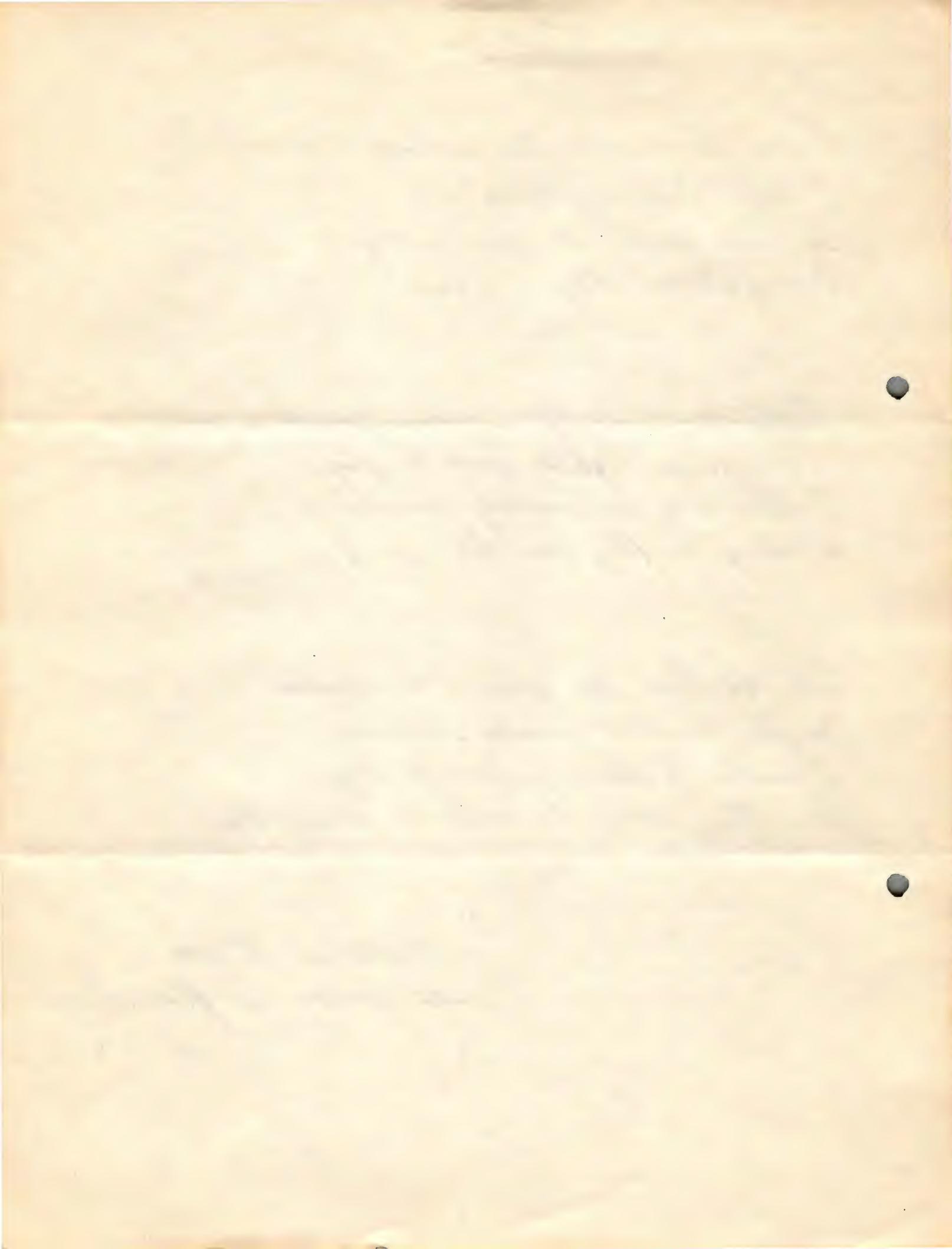
## The Salmon

From the North the salmon come,  
Playful fishes gliding on  
To their goals so far away  
Ever onward day by day.

Leaping from the river's pocket  
Springing lightly out to play,  
On his tail he merrily dances  
Gliding swiftly on his way.

Till at last the place he reaches  
In the shallow sunlit beaches,  
Smaller fishes passing by,  
On the way to spawn and die.

by Katherine Budick  
Seventh Grade - Clifton, Oregon



Rain

Rain, rain and more rain  
When you get up, all you hear  
is rain.

When you go to bed, all you  
hear is rain.

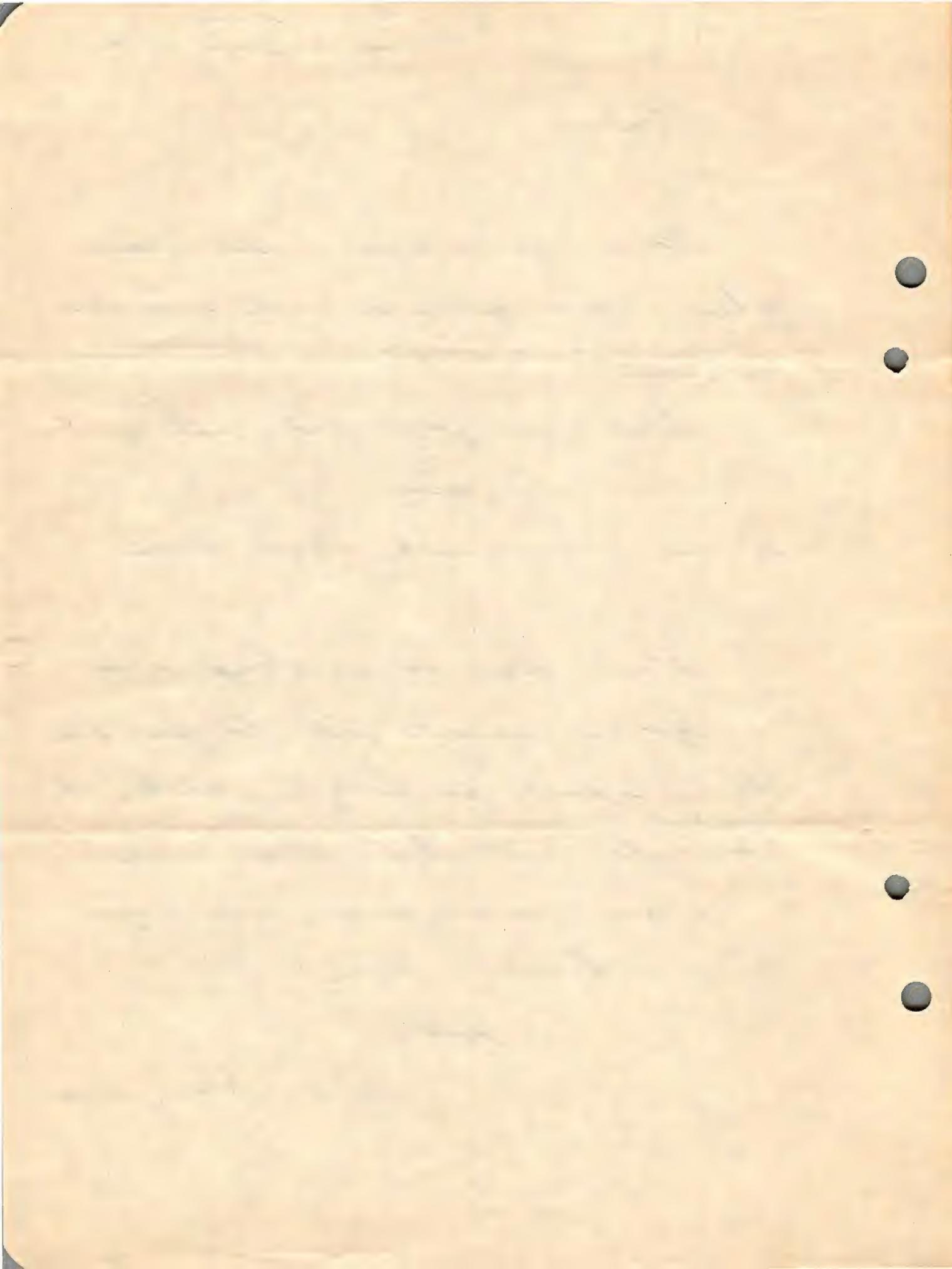
Rain, rain and drip, drip.

When you go visiting, you  
go in mud up to your hip.  
When you go for a walk, all  
you do is slip, slip, slip.

Rain, rain and more rain.  
drip, drop, drip

and

Slip, Slop, Slip.



Jean Ritter

Snappa Consolidated 4

8th Grade

## Liberty

When all is still

And twilight falls

Against the weathered cabin walls,  
Then leave your labors,

And come to stand,

Upright, and look across the land.

A patchwork valley

Is here outspread

Before lavender hills which lift their heads,

Then snow-capped mountains

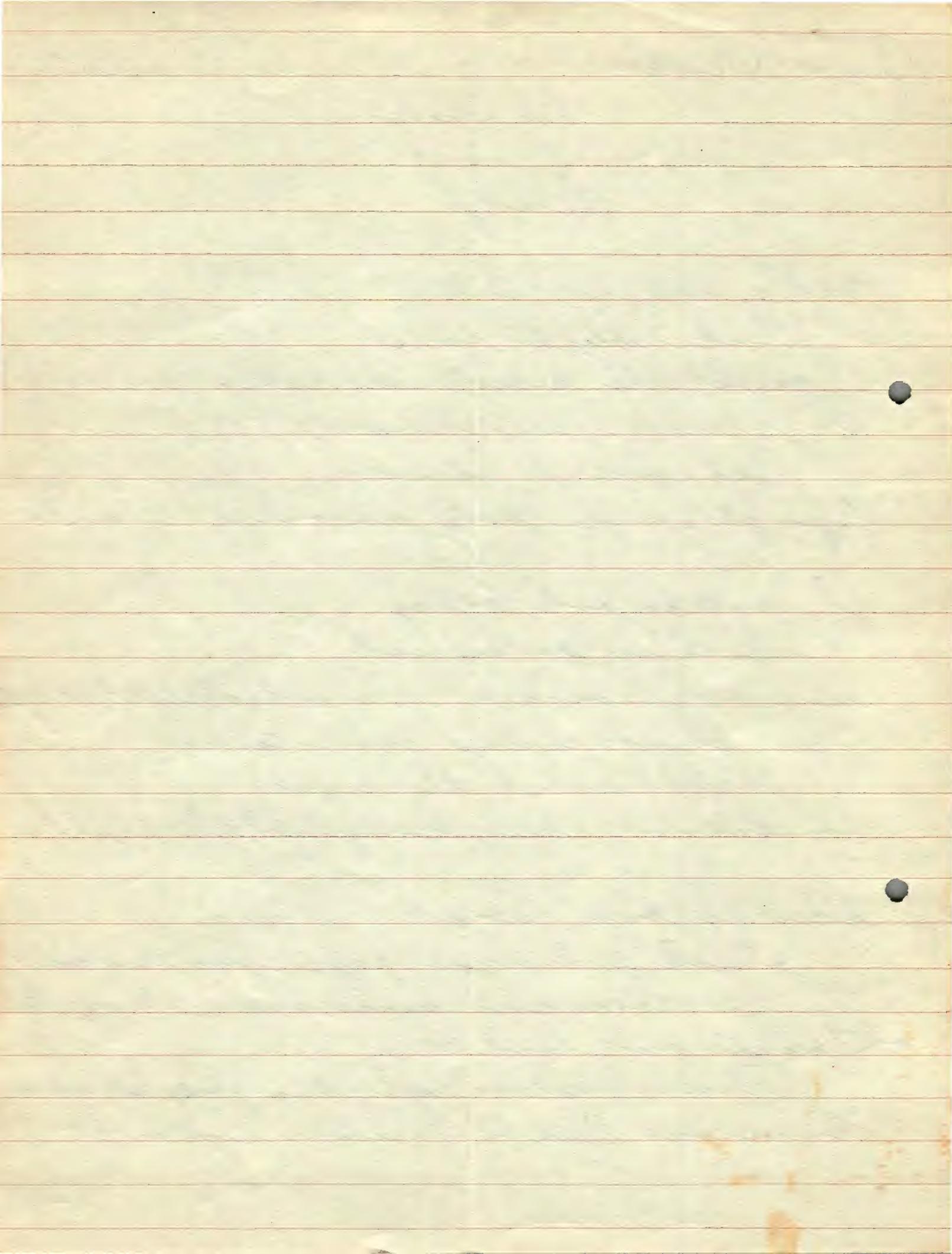
Which catch the light

Of scarlet skies complete the sight.

This is our land!

Think, while you gaze upon this view,  
Of freedom, and peace, and liberty, too!  
This is our land!

Above all nations engulfed in grasping wars,  
Forever our Land of Freedom soars!



Jean O'Bryan  
Grade 7

Fernhill School  
Astoria, Oregon

## Maps

Maps are very interesting,  
They tell us every little thing.  
Where the cities and the roads are,  
And the best ways to go by car.  
Lakes, rivers, towns, and parks,  
Are just a few things a map marks.  
So when ever you go traveling,  
Be sure you have that little thing,  
The map!



MORRISON SCHOOL  
Betty Lee Fager

Grade 8

The Columbia River

1

A broad and peaceful river, flowing from the hills,  
A rushing, roaring torrent, cascading over rills,  
Changing, eddying, broadening, gliding 'round a bend,  
Forward to the Ocean, Columbia, our friend!

2

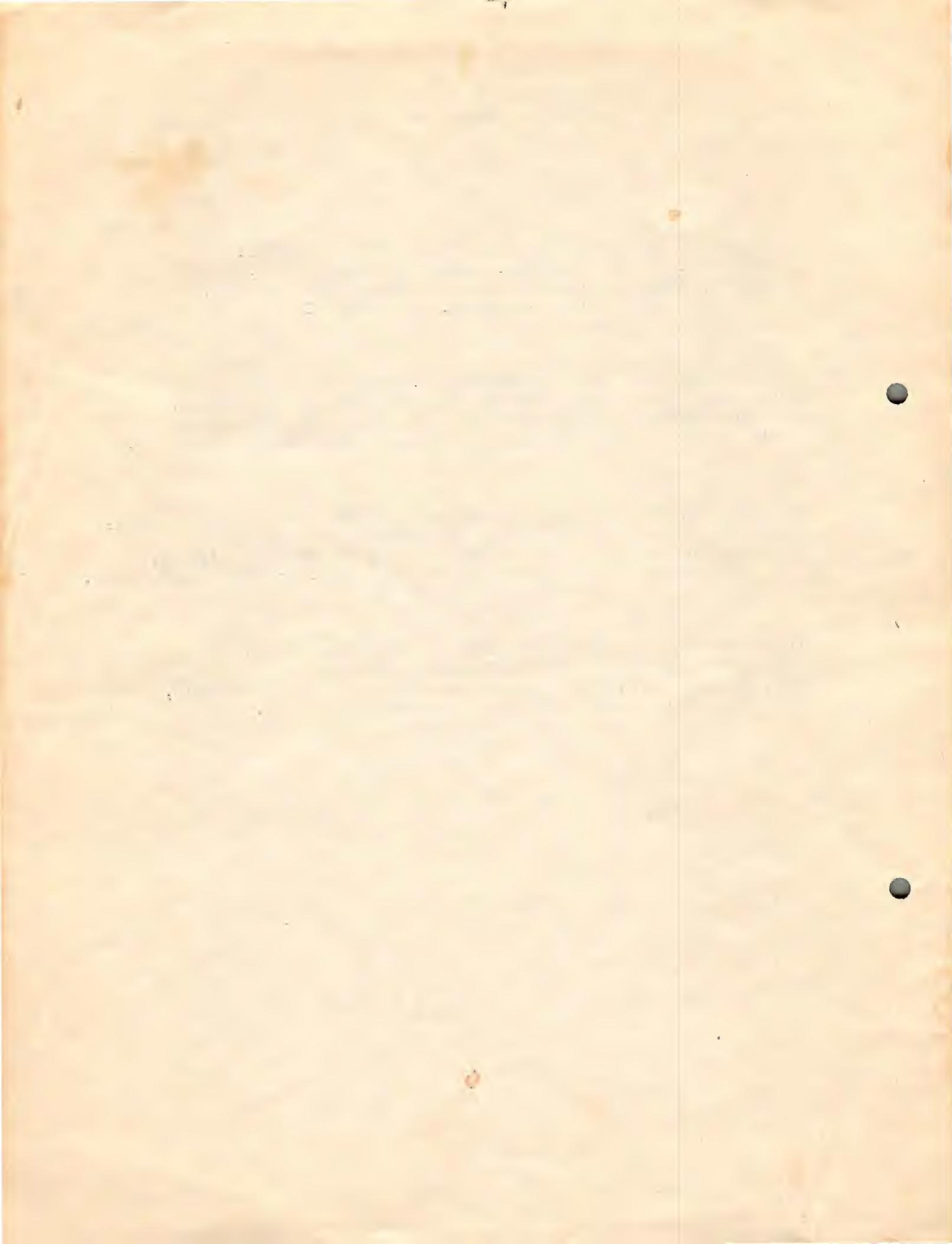
From a source of many sparkling, ice-cold mountain springs,  
O'er countless sunken snags, and numerous other things,  
It flows forever onward to the boundless, peaceful sea,  
It's course from this time onward and forevermore shall be.

3

Through boundless forests, meadows, and peaceful pasture land,  
Serenely flows the Columbia, majestic and grand.  
It's depths support the fishermen in quest of the Chinook,  
Who search it from the headwaters with net, and trap, and hook.

4

It conquered the mountains, formed Columbia Gorge,  
By steady persistance it's passage did forge;  
From craggy peak, to level plain, and then to sandy turf,  
Flowing always foreward to the ever-moving surf.



Joy Garrison  
March 23, 1941  
Camp Malibague

When school is out

When school is out,

We all will shout,

And run for some place cool  
Some place cool means the old  
mining cool,

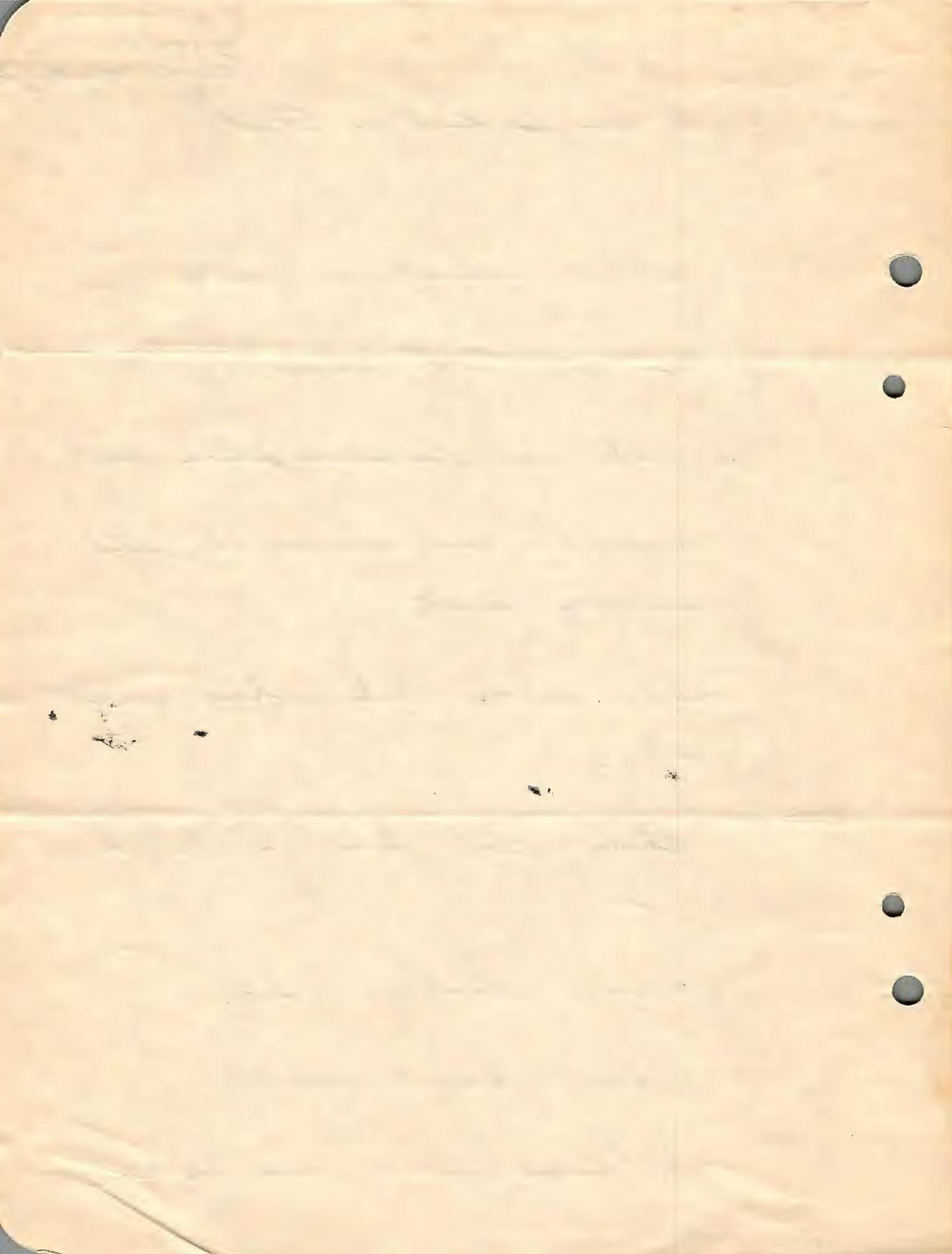
I'm sure that where we'll  
stay.

Through the heat of the day.

When school is out,

I have known doubt,

The boys won't wear any ties,



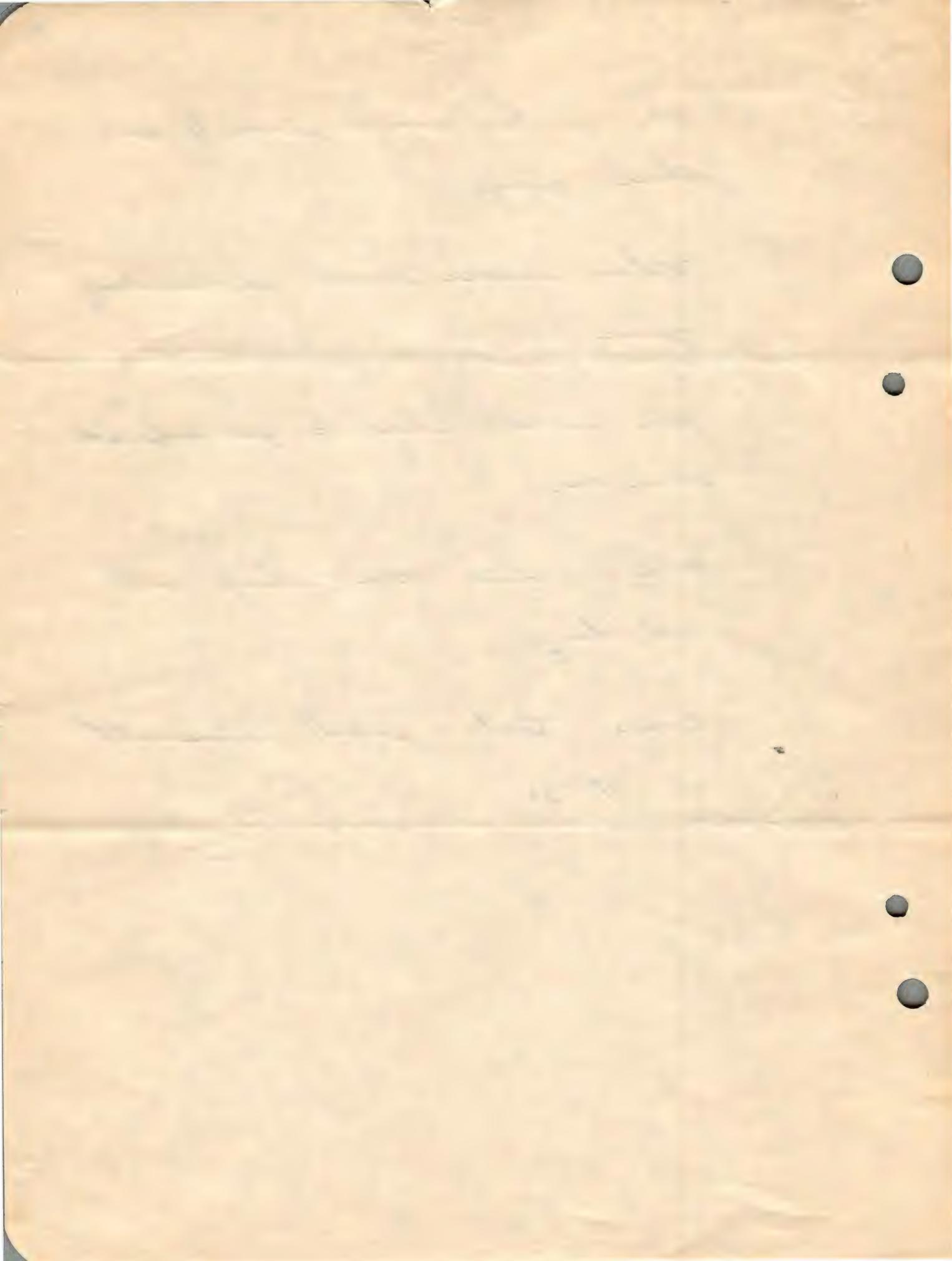
the girls won't dress to get  
their guys,

When we're not a visiting  
zone.

We won't have to get up at  
dawn.

Why! we can sleep all  
all day.

Come that good month  
to May.



## Deer of the Woods

On the side of a nearby mountain,  
When the sun is sinking low;  
Near the edge of a bubbling fountain,  
A buck calls to his herd of doe.

That night there's a full grey moon,  
You could hear a wolf pack howl;  
The buck knew they'd get him soon,  
Because he could hear them growl.

They met on the brink of a cliff,  
The night was cold and clear;  
The leader rushed in very swift,  
To be met by the horns of the deer.

The deer then darted back to the path,  
Swift as the wind may blow;  
He had conquered a wolf pack,  
And was back with his herd of doe.

Pete Meredith  
7th Grade  
Gearhart

## To You, Skipper

My dear dumb friend now lying there  
A willing vassal at my feet,  
Glad partner of my home and family  
A shadow at my feet.

I look into your soft brown eyes  
Where love and loyalty to home does shine  
And wonder where the difference lies  
Between your heart and mine.

I'd scan the whole broad earth around  
For other eyes so so real and true.  
Oceans of friendship without you,  
Skipper  
And find true friendship in only you.



Ah, Skipper, did I worship you  
As truly as you do me

Or follow where my trails lead  
Come, Skipper, sit by my side.



Thelnor Long  
March 22, 1941

### Different Kinds of People

There are many kinds of people,  
Some are grouchy; others sweet,  
But it's just the grouchy kind  
A person hates to meet.  
You meet people in the country,  
You meet people in the street,  
The happy ones look upward,  
The others all look down.  
But you'll find there's always both  
In every country's town.

One kind always smiles and speaks,  
The other turns his head.  
One seems so happy; while the other  
ought to be in bed.  
There are many kinds of people,  
That I very plainly said,  
But the most unique I found are two,  
One kind is another person--  
The other kind is YOU.

THELNOR LONG  
8th Grade  
Consolidated #5



## When Vacation Time Comes

When vacation time comes,  
How happy I will be,  
The birds will very happily sing,  
Swinging high up in the trees.

The butterfly will fly from flower to flower,  
Then fly to its cool and shady bower,  
I know all this will happen,  
When vacation time comes.

When vacation time comes,  
I'll not have any sums,  
I'll be as free as can be,  
When vacation time comes

Harriett Frish  
Brownsmead School



Let's Thank God

Let's thank God we're in a country that's sunny, bright, and free.

Let's thank God we're not in a country that's fighting across the sea.

Let's be praised that we may shout, wherever we may be,

For America is the home of the brave and the land of the free.

Our boys will fight for our country so brave and so bold,

Before we ~~are~~<sup>grow</sup> grown to be so very old.

So fight for your country and do all you can,

So other countries won't have a chance to say,

"We've got you in our power today!"

Then maybe we'll have to change all our golden rules,

And maybe change all our grand and glorious schools.

So fight for your country, wherever you may be,

To help keep this "The Home Of The Brave And The Land Of The Free!"

By Maxine Olson  
Seventh Grade

Concord 5

ANSWER

## Land of the Free

America, Land of the Free!  
When e'er we chance to see  
Old Glory flying free,  
Each citizen should feel  
the thrill of our Democracy.

"America, Land of the Free!"  
Say immigrants who come  
From far across the sea.  
They study hard and learn to be  
Citizens of our Democracy.

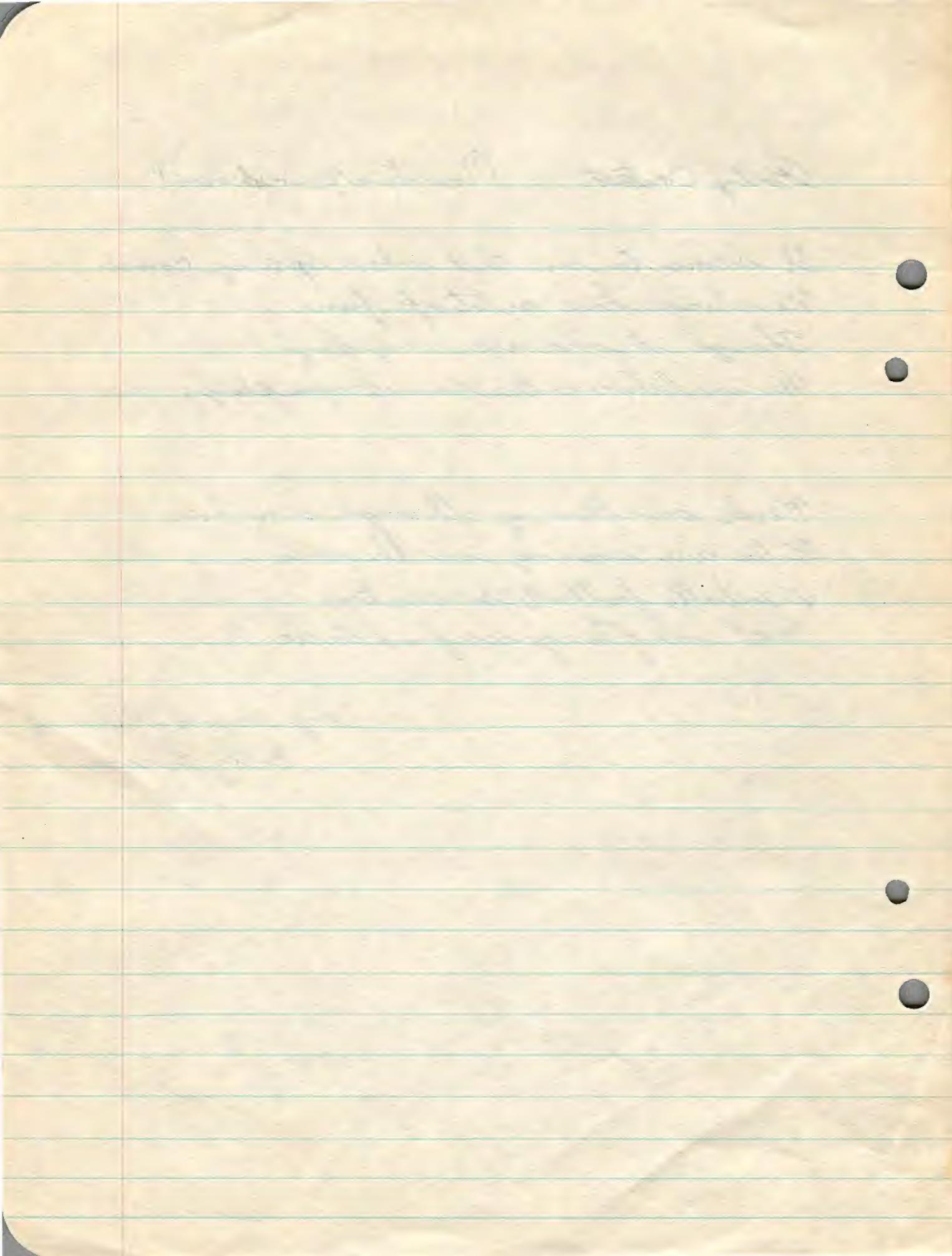
Joe Fagnan  
8th Grade  
Gearhart.

Poetry Contest   Mountain View School

It seems to me that when spring comes  
We always have a lot of fun.  
Though it showers every day  
We in between the raindrops play.

Winds are blowing through our hair,  
Kites are soaring in the air,  
Baseball, football, soccer, too,  
Most everything, we find to do.

by Harold Pilgard  
Bobby Larson



## Jake's Car

Jake had a '27 car;  
A fine one it was indeed.  
The tires were all of tar;  
It had an awful speed.

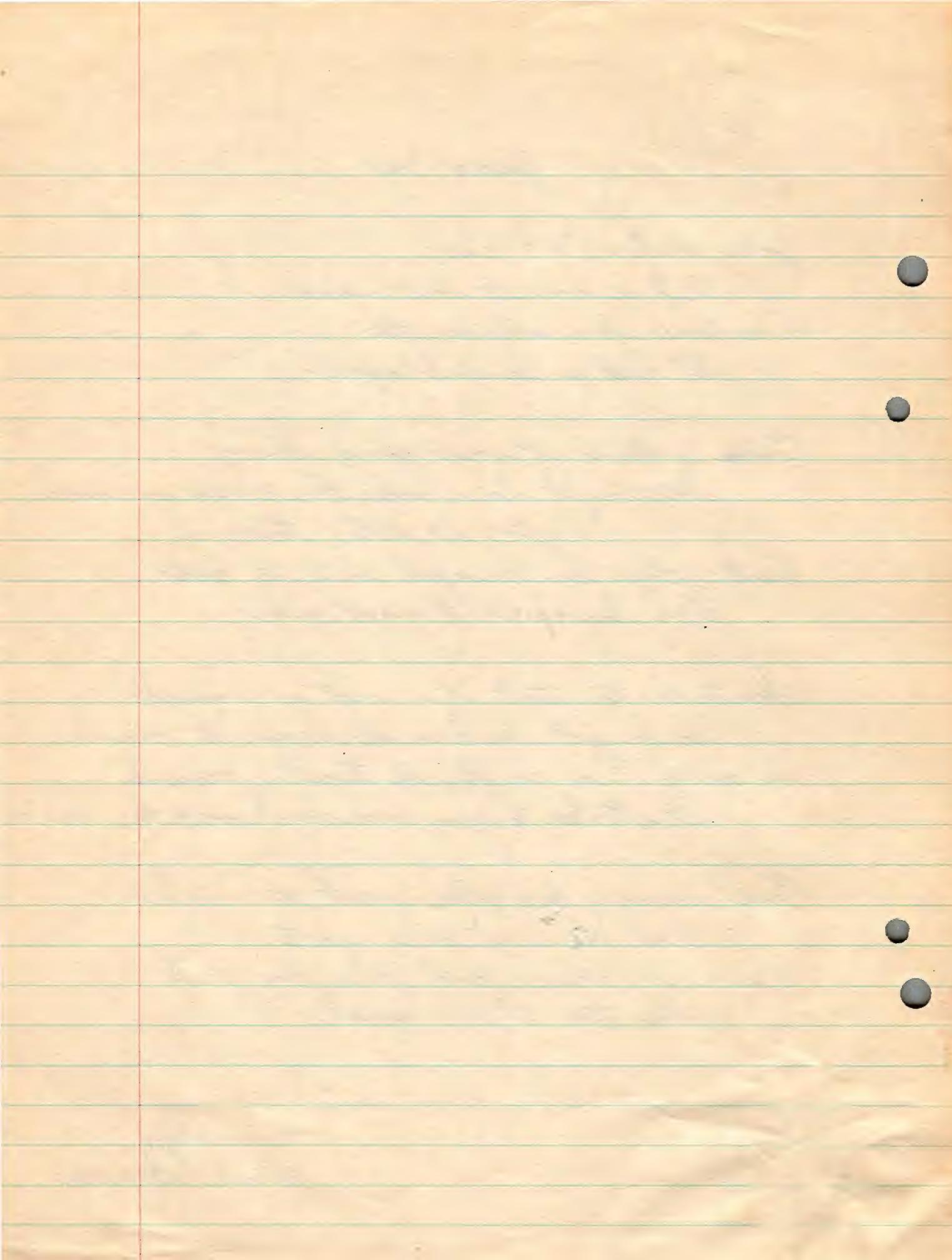
Once when it was going slow,  
He thought he'd hook the horses on and  
give a little tow.

But when he jumped out to look  
The bumper it was gone.

He tried to start it, not a sound.  
So he got mad and began to crank.  
He gave it a couple of twists around  
It started to run and went over the bank.

One sunny day Jake went to work  
And tore it all apart.  
Piece by Piece and jerk by jerk  
He tore it all apart.

By,  
Dick Kaiser



## Stepmothers

Some think stepmothers aren't so good  
Because sometimes they're in a bad mood,  
But do they give stepmothers a reason to be  
Always happy and gay and free?

Stepmothers are good - maybe a few bad -  
But most the time they are very glad  
To love adopted children as their own  
And slave for them without a single moan.

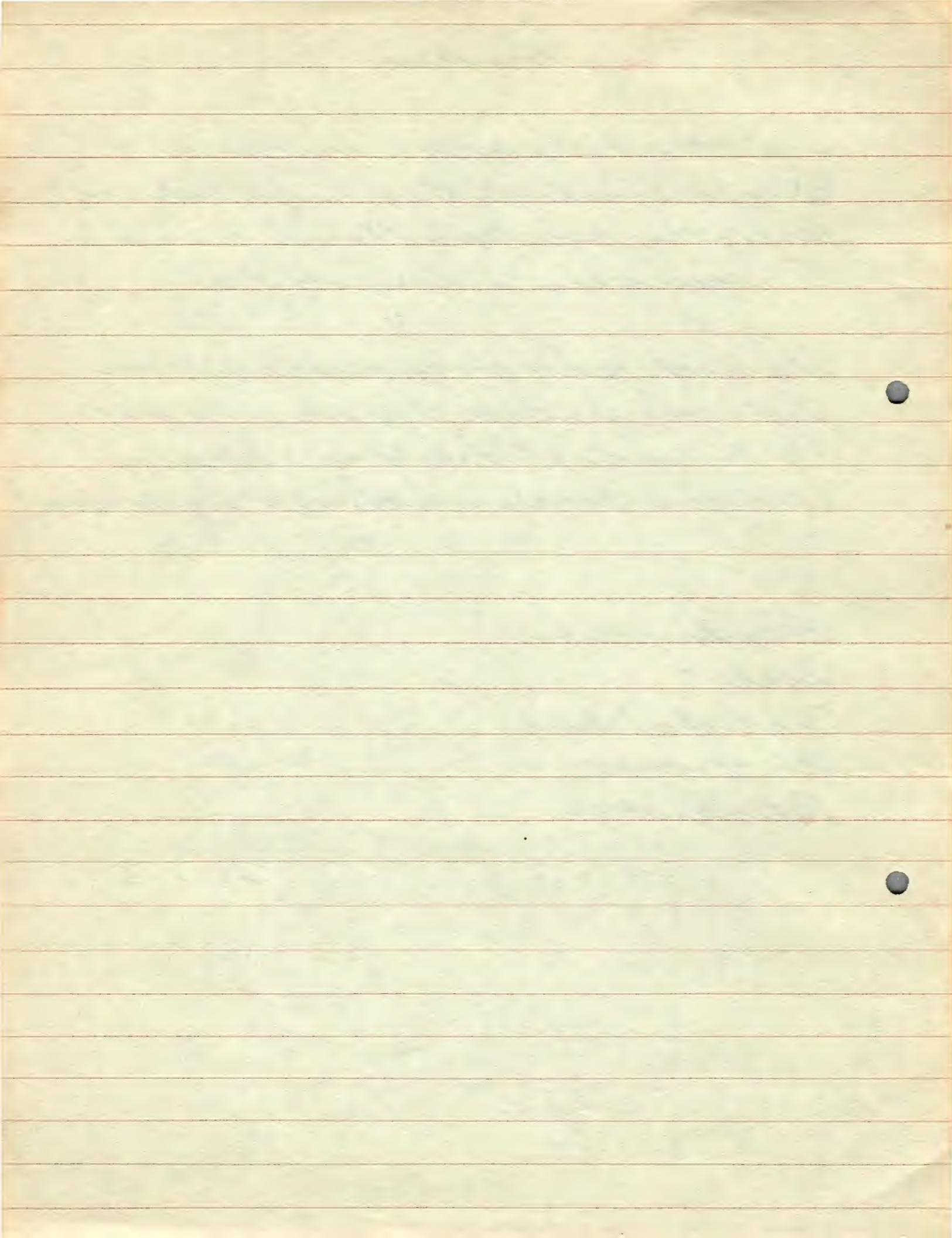
Betty Bjornstrom

Grade 7

Walla Walla School

Rt. 1 Box 930

Astoria, Oregon



## The Bird

yesterday I heard a bird,  
It was the sweetest thing I ever heard,  
I am sure that it said  
Come and see my new bed;  
It is hanging over head.

yes, it is my new bed;  
I have made it soft and clean  
For my little ones so keen,  
yes, I am sure that it said  
Come and see my new bed.

Ruth Anderson  
Grade 7 Clatsop Plains  
School. Dist. #3

Clarence Parker  
Grade 7

Fernhill School  
Astoria, Oregon

## Spring

What does it mean when the  
robin sings

In the branch of the old apple  
tree,

And wild flowers peep through  
the woodland green?

Why these are the signs of spring!

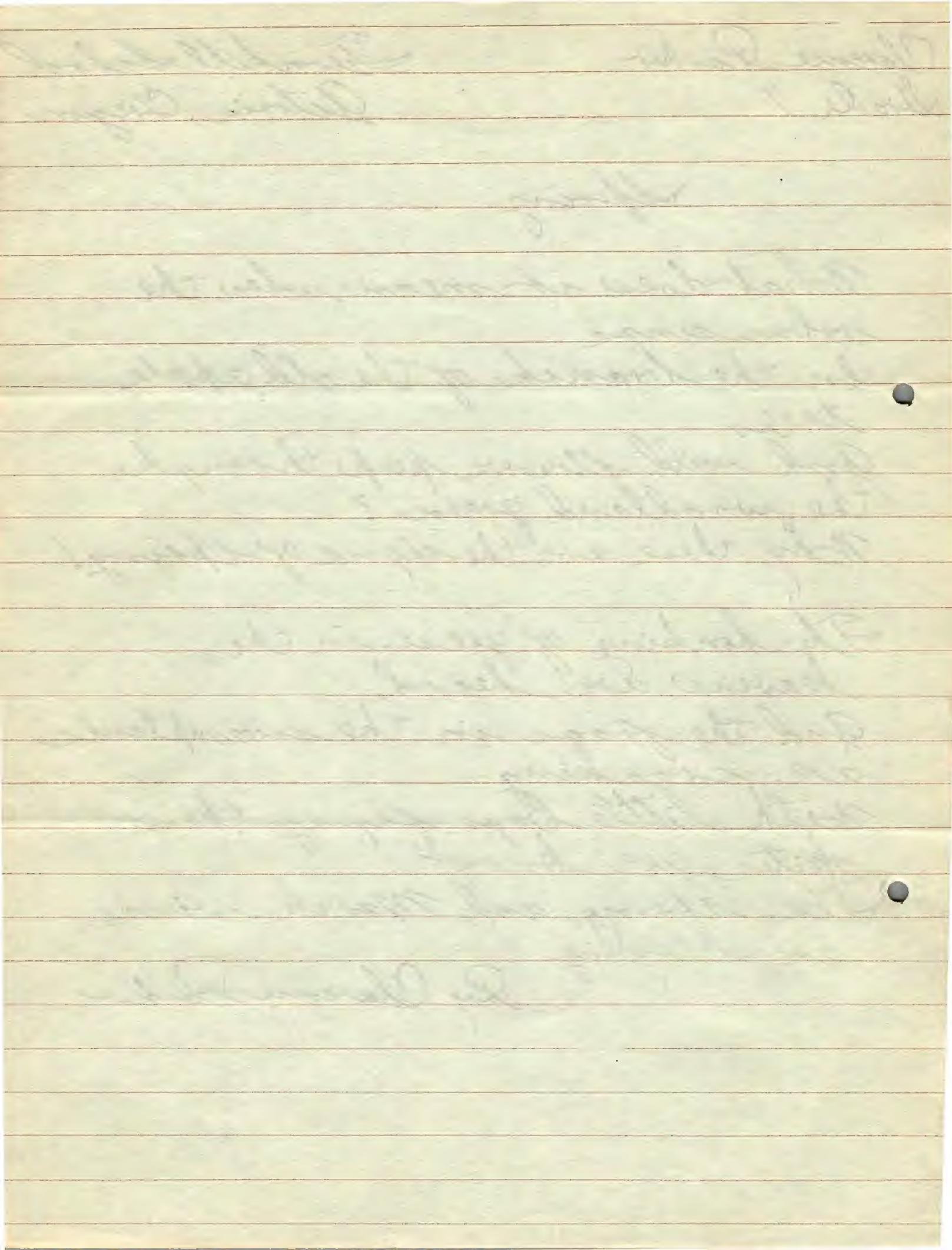
The honking of geese in the  
heavens we hear,

And the frogs in the swamplands  
are croaking.

With little boys flying their  
kites, we know

Tis spring, and March winds  
are blowing.

By Clarence Parker



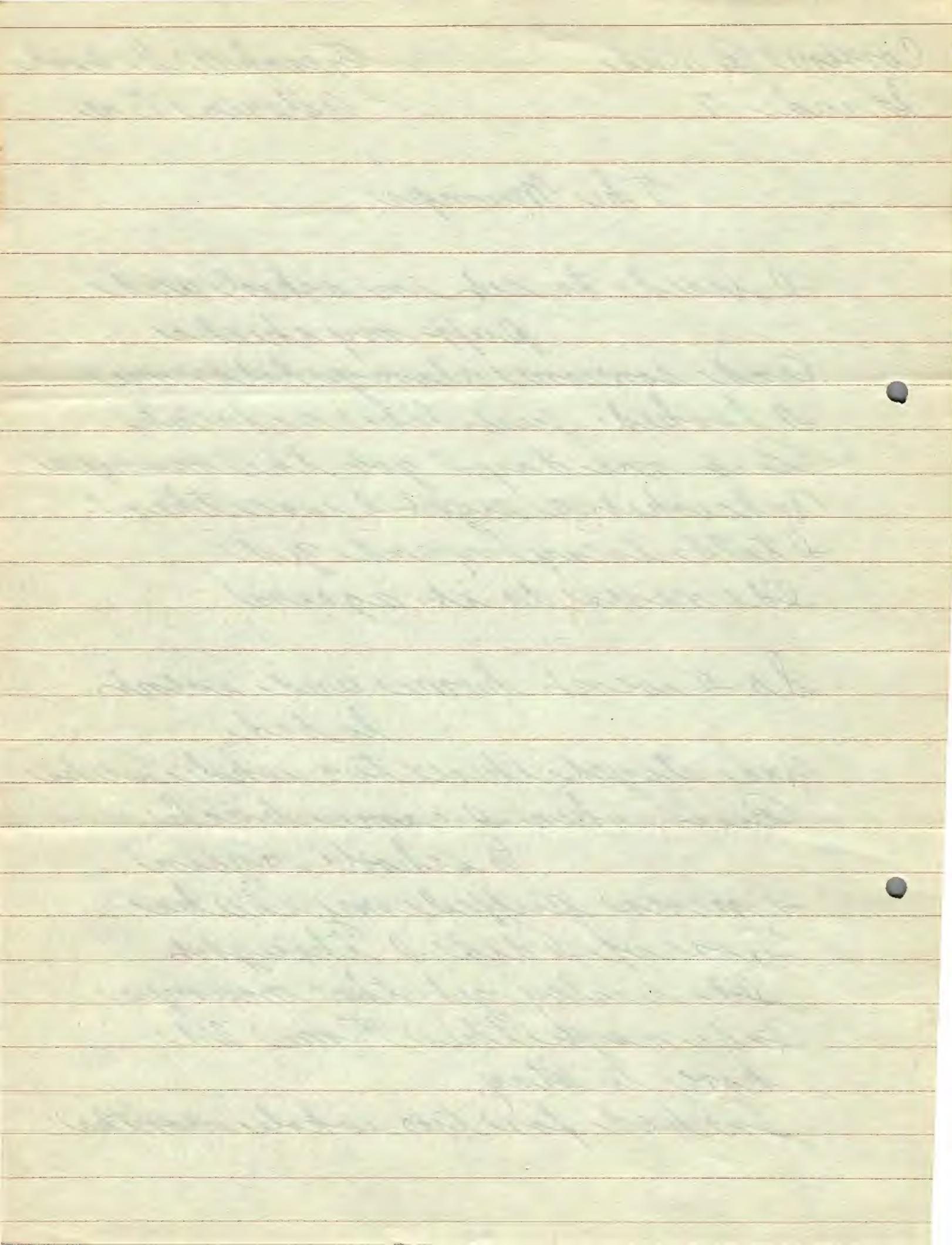
Corrine Basel  
Grade 7

Fernhill School  
Astoria Ore.

## The Mumps.

I used to sit in school and  
puff my cheeks  
And someone always told me  
I looked just like a freak.  
But one day I got the mumps  
And what a sight I was then!  
I told every boy and girl  
I'd never do it again.

So I went home and went  
to bed,  
And stayed there two whole weeks  
But when I came back  
to school, again  
I never puffed my cheeks  
(For if I did I thought  
I'd surely get the mumps  
And maybe this time I'd  
have to stay  
in bed for two whole months!)



Delbert Ligfridson Finchill School  
Grade 7 Astoria, Oregon

## The Tramp

On the other side of the Shaburn  
Track,

Is an old, old tumble down  
shack,

In which every day a Tramp has  
his lunch,

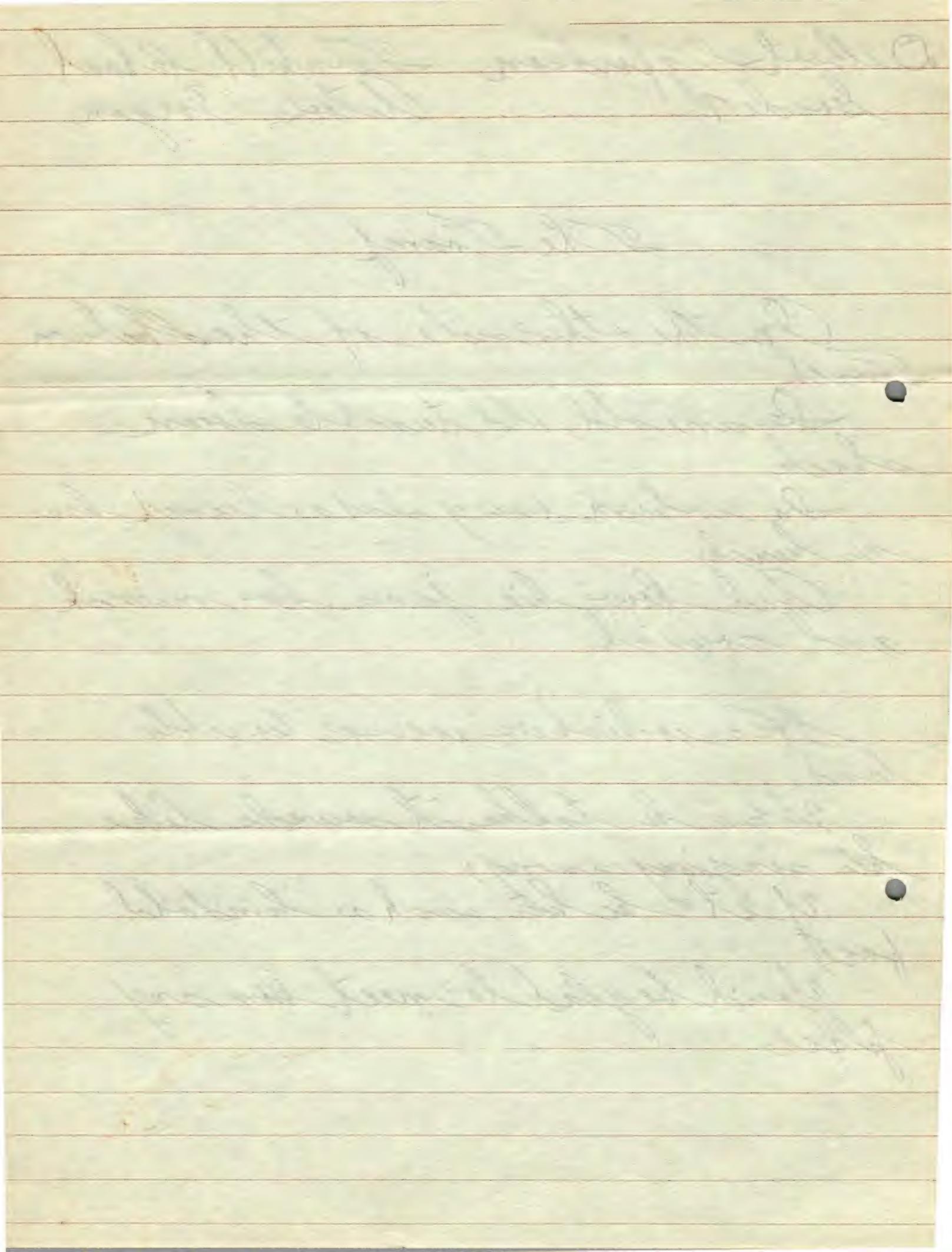
And how his jaws do munch  
and crunch.

His whiskers are so terribly  
bad,

When he talks it sounds like  
his singing a song,

Yet he has such a kind old  
face,

You'd be glad to meet him any  
place.



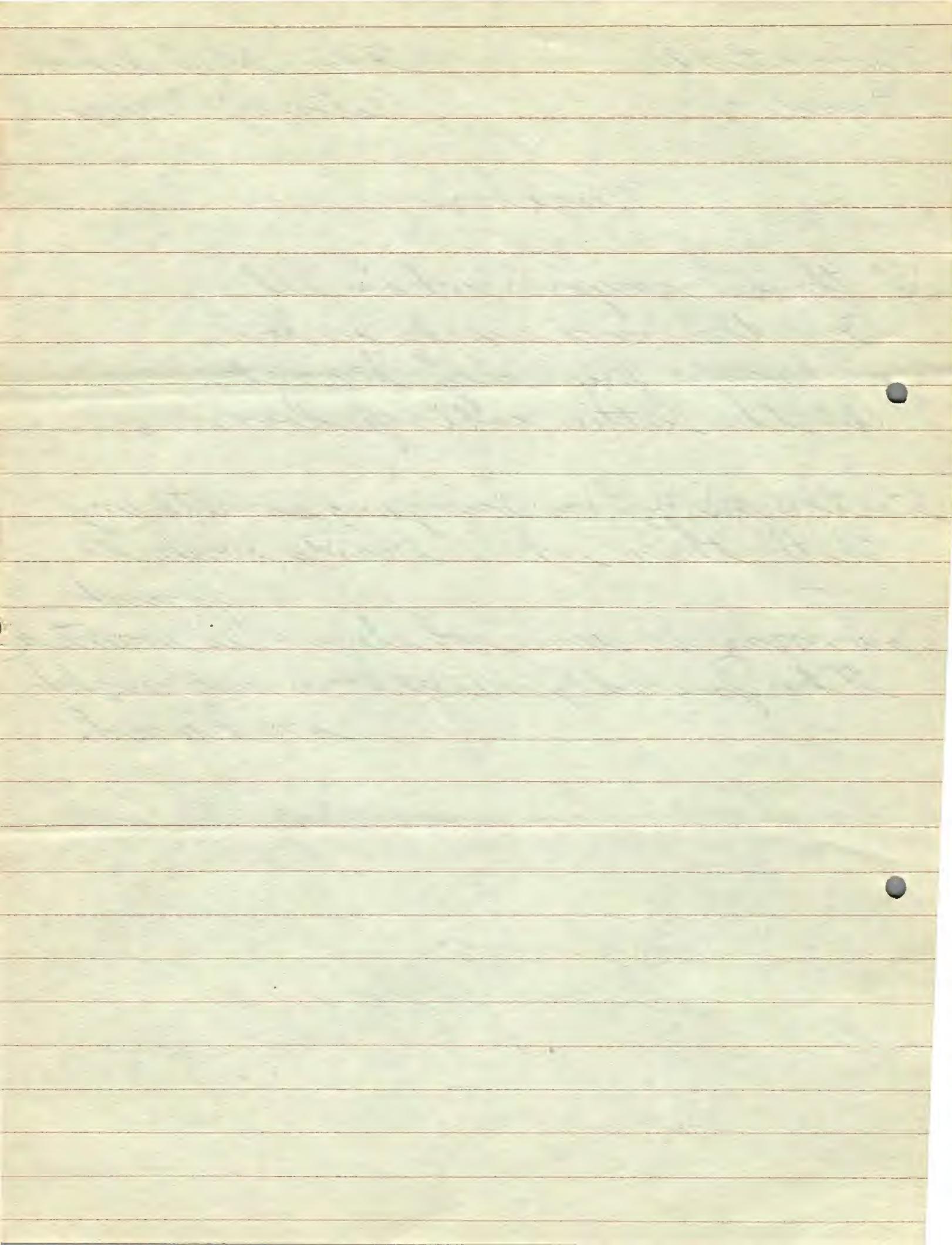
Vivian Lahti  
Grade 7

Fern Hill School  
Astoria, Oregon

## Neighbors

If there's anyone who's ill  
Or the food supply is low,  
You hear a friendly knock  
At the little cottage door.

It's the neighbors bringing something,  
With their whole hearts wish to  
grant,  
You may be sure whatever is wanted  
The friendly neighbors are right  
on hand.



## The Bluebirds

Oh I like to see the bluebirds,  
And I like to hear them sing;  
For they are very pretty birds,  
When they are on the wing.

Oh the bluebirds are such pretty birds,  
Their feathers shine so blue;  
When they are flying in the sky  
They seem to fly to you.

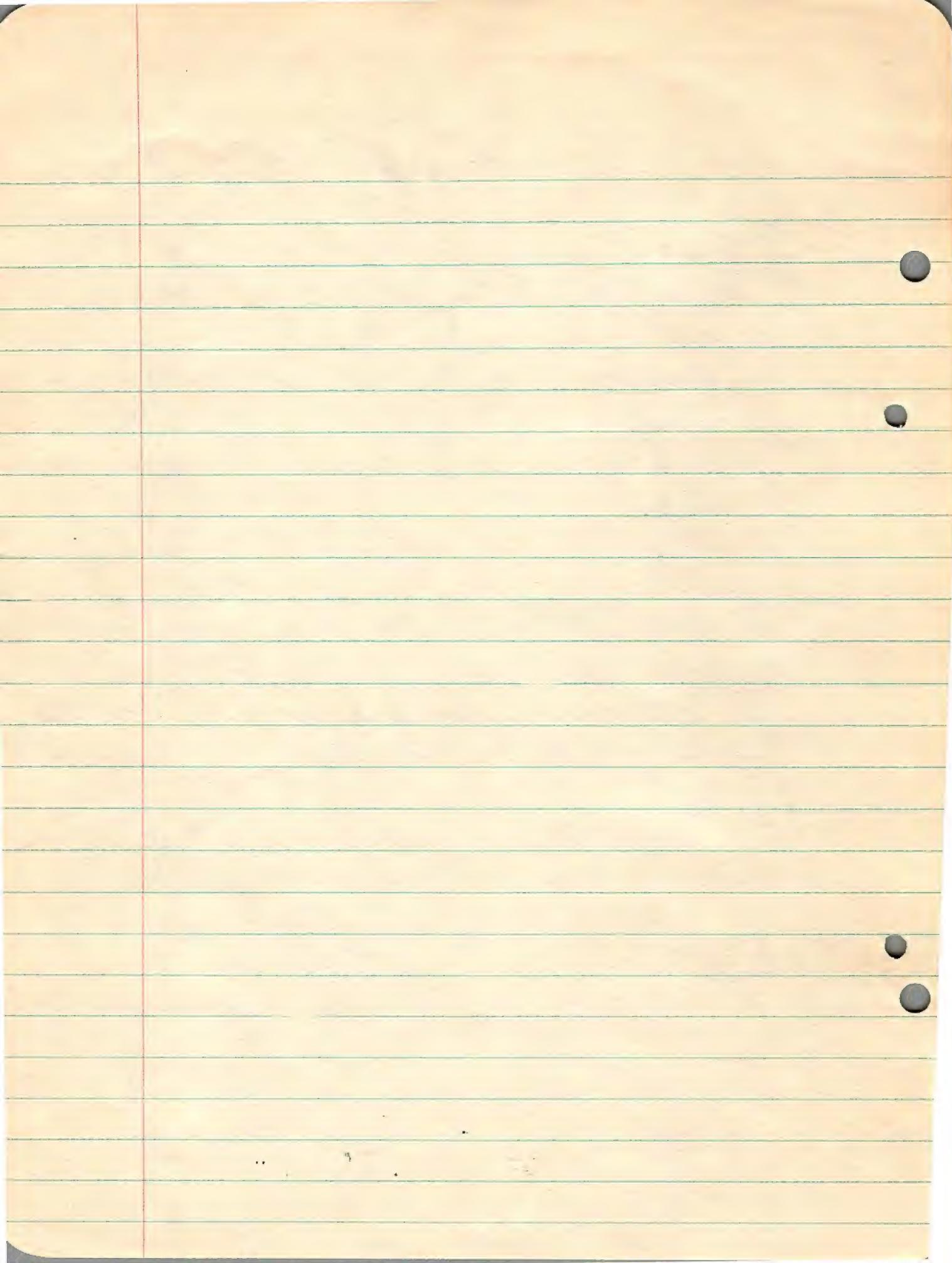
John Adair  
grade 7  
Clatsop Plains School  
list. 3

## A Feathered Friend

There is a fellow in our town,  
The suit he wears is red and brown;  
He leaves in fall and comes in  
spring  
You wake at dawn to hear him  
sing.

He hunts all day in farmer's  
fields  
To get food for his baby meals;  
In fall he spreads his wings and  
flies  
To disappear in deep blue skies

Lewy Koski  
Grade 8  
Svensen School

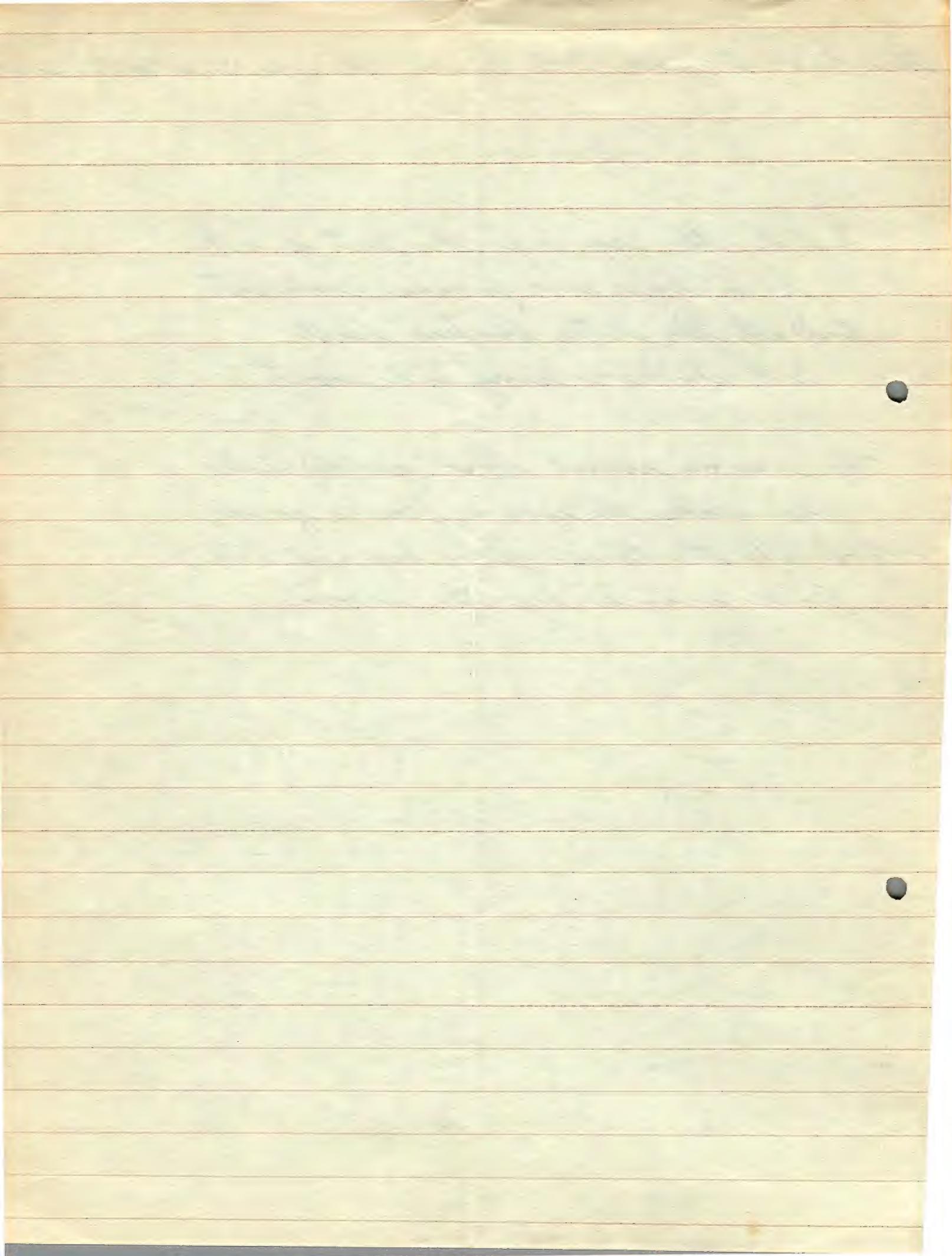


Barbara Regna 7th Grade Knappa Consolidated School

## Spring!

I like the spring the best of all,  
When trees and flowers come out,  
And all the little birdies call,  
And children sing and shout.

The warm rains now gently fall,  
That make the spring flowers grow,  
And all the trees grow big and tall,  
Once covered by the snow.



## Mother Nature

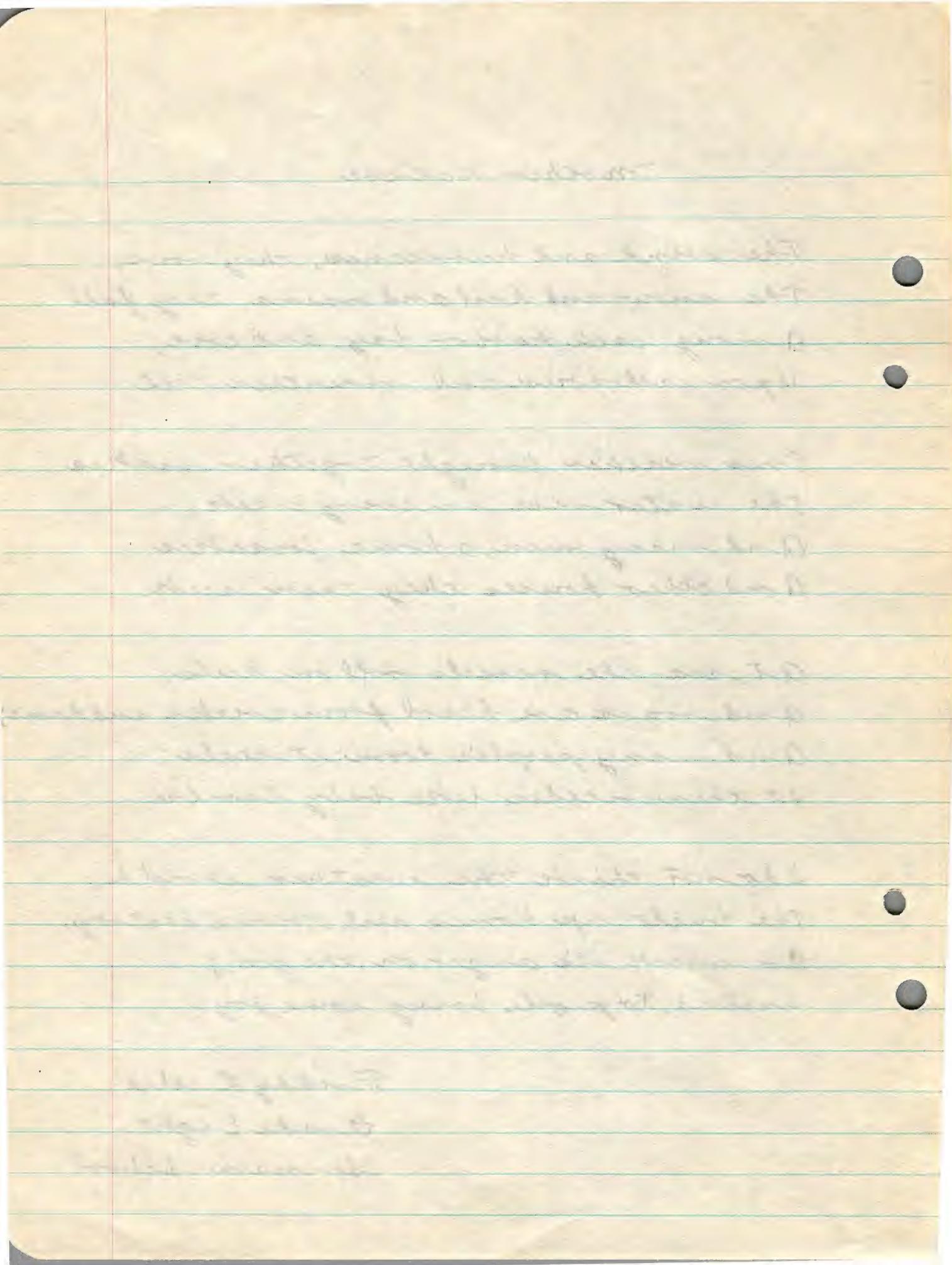
The wind and hurricanes, they rove,  
The snow and hail and rains, they fall  
Among each harbor, bay, and cove,  
Upon each house and mountain-tall.

This weather brought together makes  
The water rise in every creek;  
And many men, a home forsakes,  
And other houses they then seek.

At sea the vessels roll on keels,  
And roars are heard from creeks and dams.  
And many people's doom it seals;  
It then recedes like baby lambs.

I do not think the weather should,  
The built up homes and towns destroy,  
Or weak its anger on the good;  
Instead, to people bring some joy.

Freddy Leslie  
Grade Eight  
Svensen School



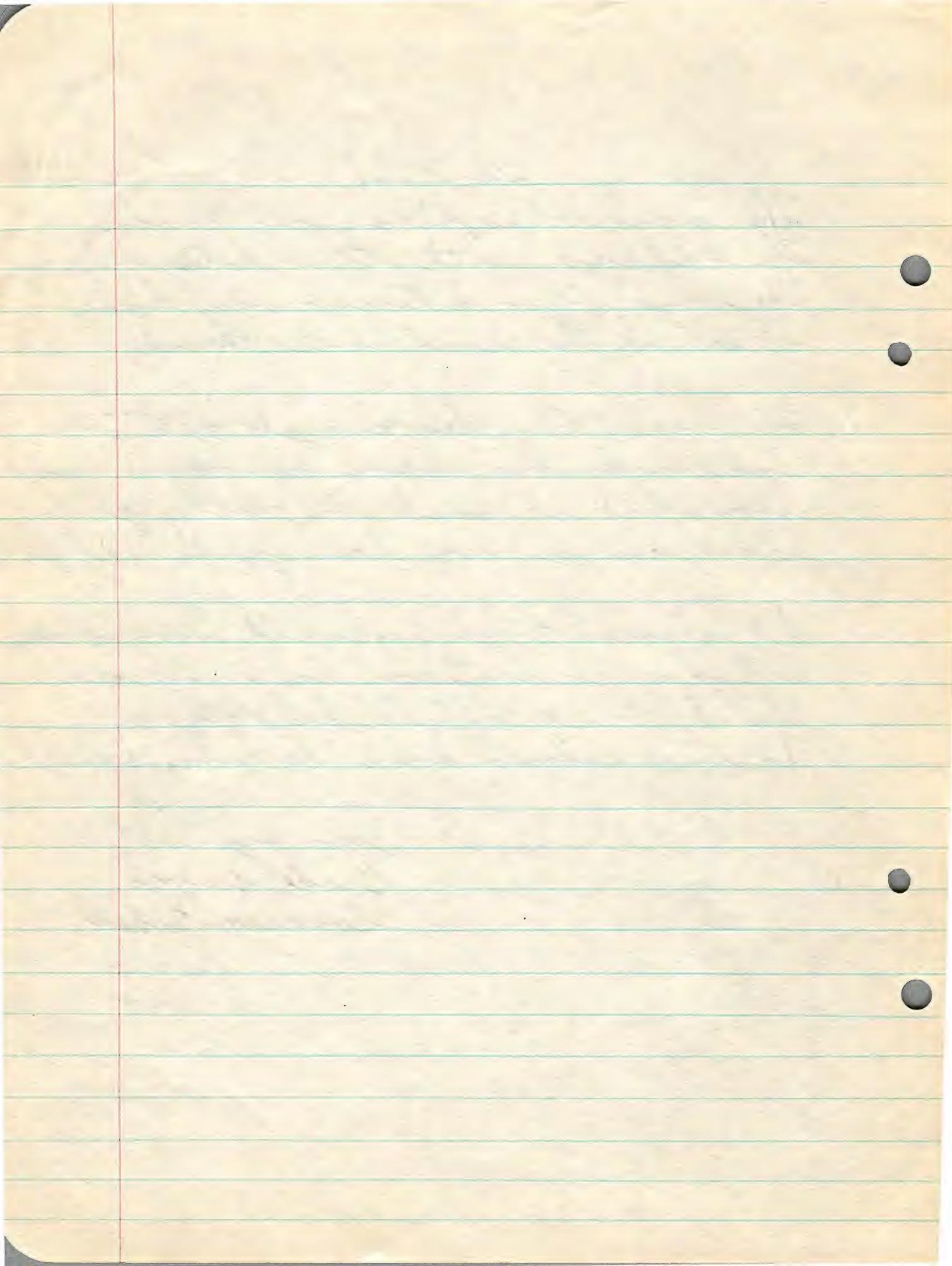
### The Wind

The wind blew fiercely all the day,  
The children with their kites did play.  
The wind blew kites so very high,  
It seemed they nearly touched the sky.

The wind blew leaves right off the trees,  
And made big waves on roaring seas.  
How fast it made big clouds go by,  
Past snowy mountain peaks so high.

It seemed to sing with merrym glee,  
All day so loud on land and sea.  
Until the even tide did fall,  
It then calmed down its howling gnat.

Jean Ingersoll  
Grade Seven  
Sorenson School



I Should Know By Now

Many a day, and many a year have I spent in school,  
I've lived and learned to follow the Golden Rule.  
One thing I'm sure I'll never forget,  
Is the edutation I'll never regret.  
Though some think school is a bore and a hate,  
I think education is really my mate.

I've tried to learn my lessons like I should,  
And like other pupils I try to be good.  
I study and study and study all day,  
And keep thinking, a good education will never decay.  
Really I think I'm beginning to learn--  
The way into education and which way to turn.

Joyce Bedorthe  
Grade-Seven  
Lewis & Clark Consolidated #5



Lewis Johnson  
Grade 7

Fernhill School  
Astoria, Oregon

"REMEMBER THE ALAMO"

There once a Spanish mission lay,  
Right in Santa Anna's army's way  
So he decided to conquer it,  
And he blew it apart bit by bit.

Remember the Alamo.

Davy Crocket and all the rest,  
Stood and fought and did their best  
The women in the yard were shaking,  
From the noise the guns were making.

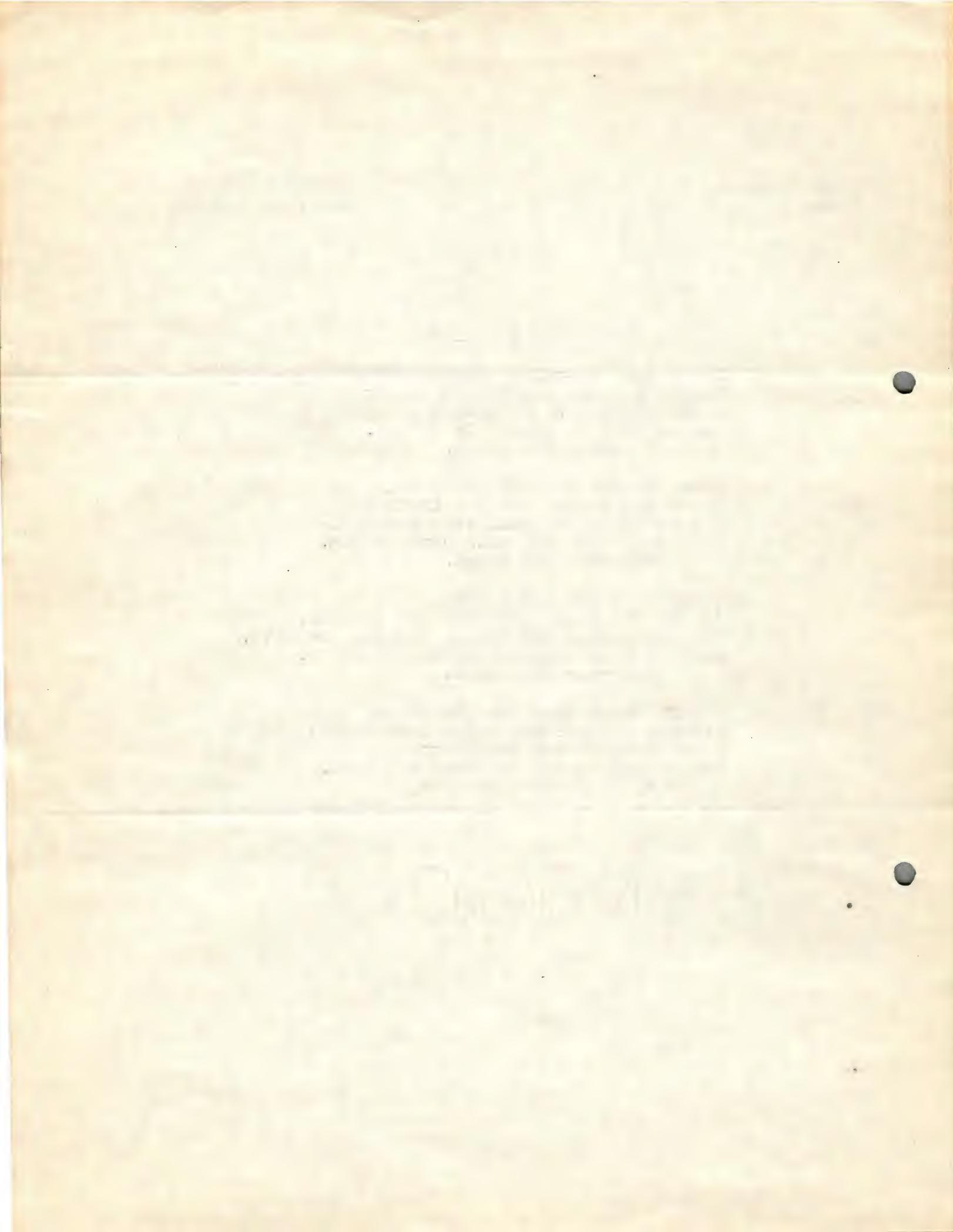
Remember the Alamo.

Clearly on one sunny morn,  
All of the women were sad and forlorn,  
For Santa Anna had broken through the gate,  
And his soldiers guns would not abate.

Remember the Alamo.

Though Santa Anna won the fight,  
Leaving not one man alive that night;  
Soon other Texans took a hand,  
And quickly drove him from the land.

They remembered the Alamo.



## joyous Spring

Spring is here, spring is there.  
With it brings the flowers fair  
Flowers bloom, robins sing.  
All through out this joyous spring.

Spring is here, spring is there.  
With it brings all love no cares.  
Apple blossoms on the trees.  
Swaying gently in the breeze.

Spring is here, spring is there.  
Lovely leaves the trees will wear.  
Little children happily sing.  
All through out this joyous spring.

By- Maxine Miller  
Age- 14  
Grade- 8<sup>th</sup>  
Chadwell School

Rt. 1 Box 333  
Astoria, Oregon



## Our America.

I

Our flag and creeds they are the best,  
Of Europe and Asia and all the rest;

Our plains, our streams, our mountains tall,  
To men afar they send a call;

To come and see this beautiful land;  
Protected and guided by God's own hand,

II

This land of freedom and liberty too,  
Of loyalty, faith, and friendship true;

This land of beauty and fame and wealth,  
Laden with happiness, vigor, and health;

So dear God let us stay, just as we are  
From day to day;

In liberty and peace.

The End.

Georgianna Hegstad  
Original Poem

Wauna School  
Wauna, Oregon

Eighth Grade

= Vacation Time =

Tis daffodil time in the valley,  
Summer will soon be here,  
Hurrah! for school vacation,  
The gladdest time of the year.

I'll do lots of things I've planned on,  
All through the long winter months.  
Now that vacation is coming,  
I'll not look at my books, not once.

Vacation means just idling,  
Sleeping and daydreaming the time,  
When school takes up again,  
I'll be the first in line.

So here's to my teacher,  
Her patience is so tried at times.  
And here's to the schoolmates in leaving,  
And happy hours I've left behind.

Doris Trotter 7<sup>th</sup> Grade  
Elsie School



# Poetry

- I This sure aint easy for me  
To try to make up poetry  
I have the worst English you  
ever seen  
Besides that my brains aint  
keen.
- II I read poems day by day  
But by gosh it don't pay  
I can't make em up myself  
I'm just gonna leave this on the  
shelf.

Crystal Witte  
7th Grade  
Gearhart.

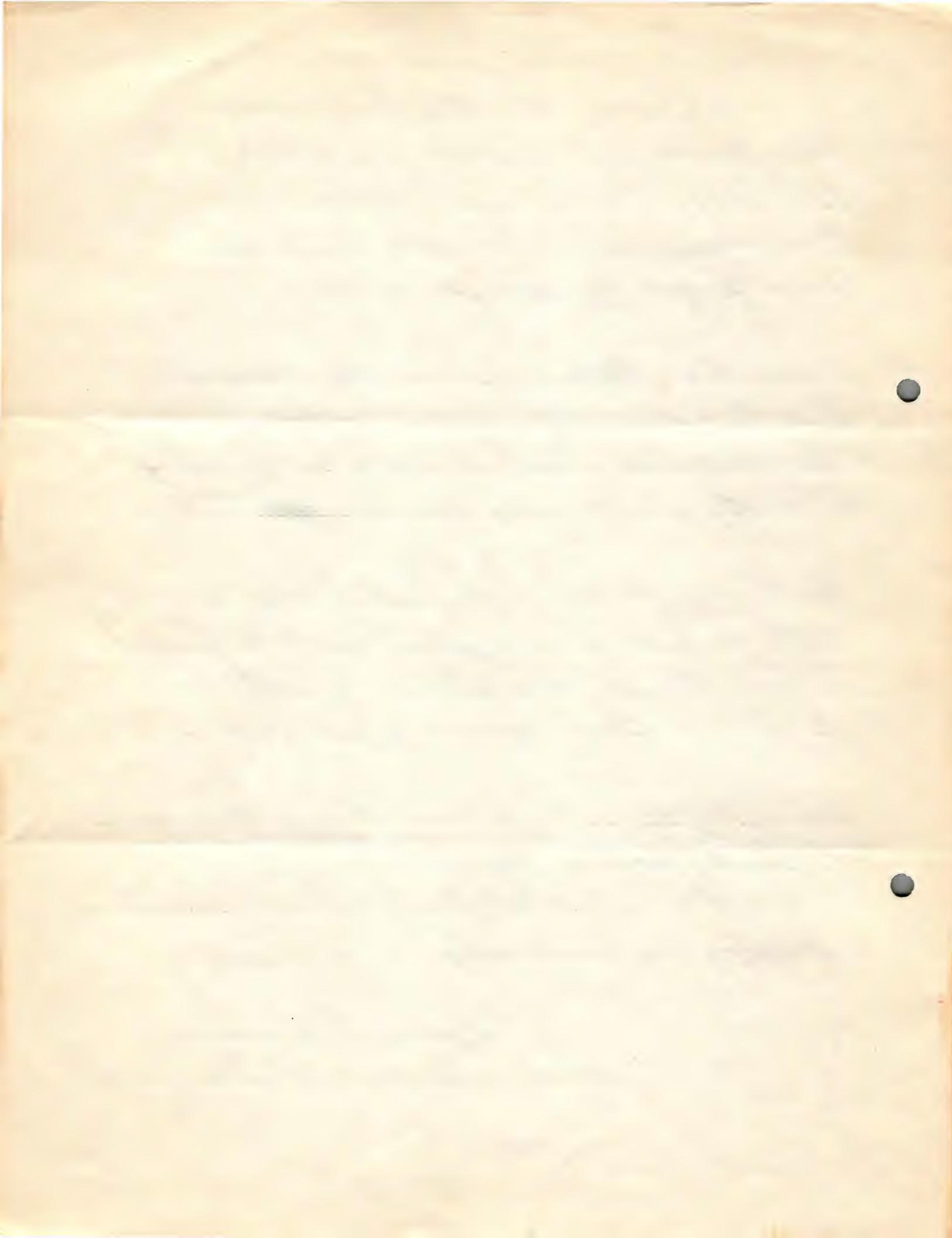
Ode to the Columbia  
The canoe and tepee vanished,  
The campfires are no more,  
No "voyageurs" or "coureur de bois"  
Now greet thy shaded shore.

Time has taken from thy borders  
Beauty from thy wooded side,  
The apaches timber now is floating  
On thy glimmering moon made tide.

Roll on broad and turbid river  
Till at last your goal you've found  
While the silvery streak of salmon  
Glide to their spawning ground.

Though thy powers have been harnessed,  
May thy waters ever be  
Free from war's destructive monsters  
Preying on humanity.

by Marie Demuse  
Grade seven - Clifton, Ore.

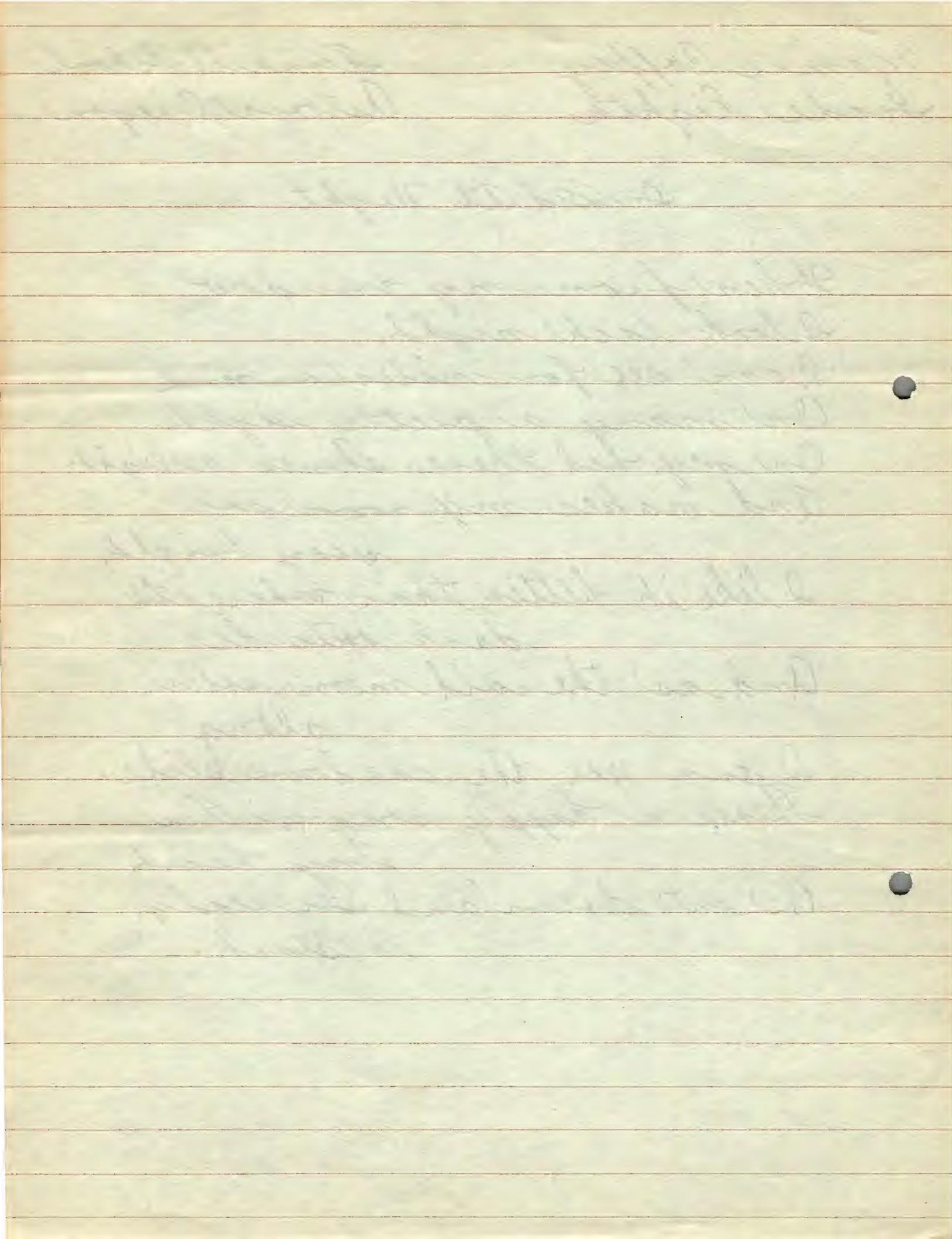


Mannie Coffey  
Grade Eighth

Fernhill School  
Astoria, Oregon

## In Bed At Night

When from my window  
I look each night,  
I can see for miles around  
On many a pretty sight.  
On my bed there shines a light  
And makes my room so <sup>very bright,</sup>  
I like it better than when it's  
dark outside  
And as the old moon rolls <sup>along</sup>  
I can see the shadows slide.  
There's a happy song within  
my heart  
As into dreamland I'm ready  
to stash.



Janice Brown  
Garrenton School  
Garrenton, Oregon  
Grade 7

Heaven Above  
Many have gone to heaven above,  
Some are our enemies and  
some we love.

After we are old and wrinkled  
with care,  
Our home above the Lord will  
prepare.

For sure he will call to  
our home far away.  
When he thinks it is time  
to take us away.

Warrenton

Frank Kilcoen  
Olney School

Grade eight

### Contrasts

Europe is a war torn nation,  
full of strife and starvation.  
Through the air, bombs are screaming,  
Through the darkness, lights are beaming.

Proud am I to be in the U. S. A.,  
There freedom lives on from day to day.  
A land where there is plenty for all,  
Much different from Europe's brawl.



## The Flag

The flag of freedom waves  
Over many great men's graves  
Who fought to make this country free  
Just for you, just for me  
14

Lincoln freed the slaves  
John Paul Jones fought the waves  
All to make this country free  
Just for you, just for me



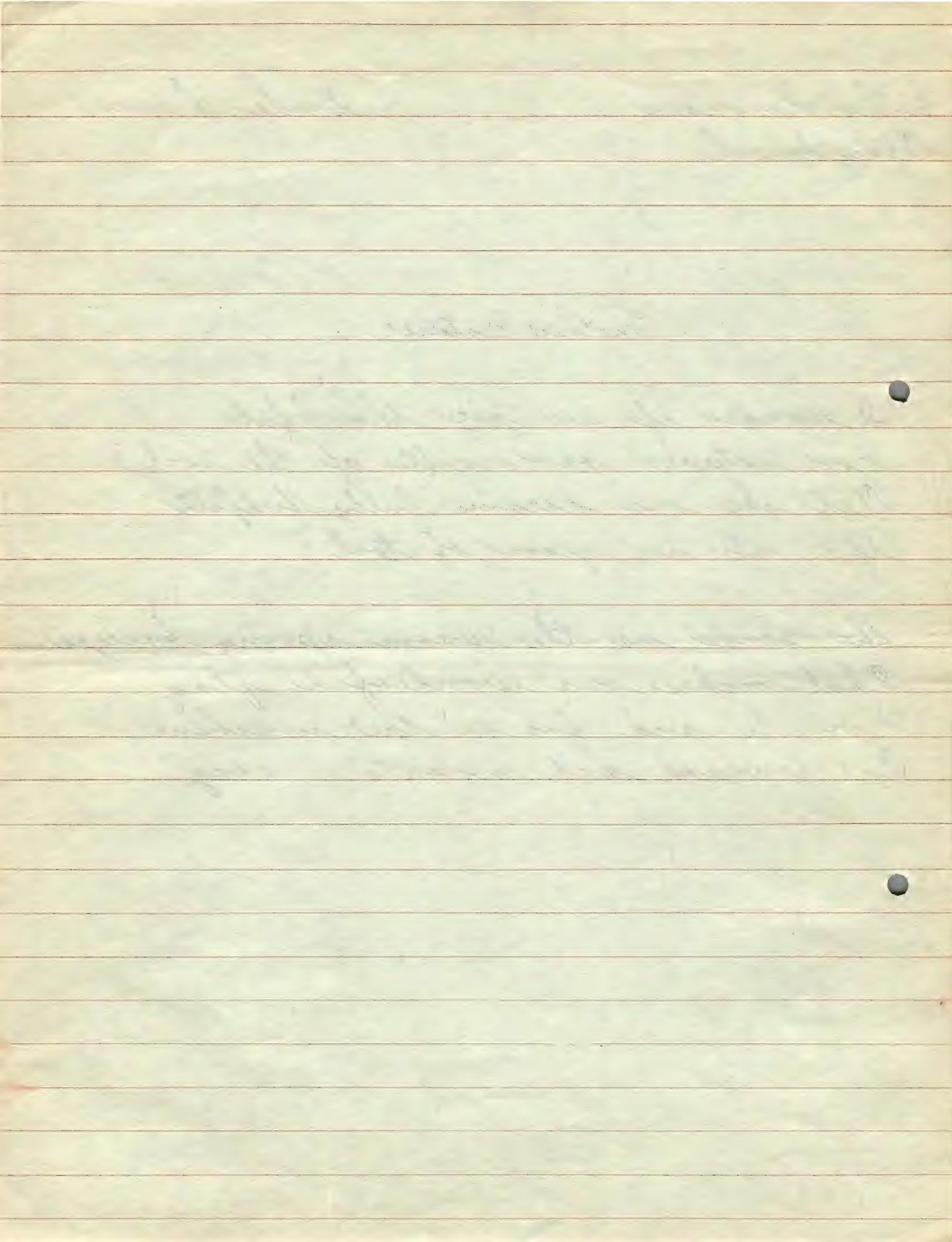
Esther Simonson  
Olney School

Grade Seven

### Mother Nature

I wonder if we are thankful  
For natures rare gifts of the soil?  
Did she our dreams fully fulfill  
After all her years of toil?

She sends us the warm spring breezes  
That makes our wonderful flag  
Wave to and fro in the sunshine,  
On lowland and mountain crag.



Ruth Koski  
Olney Con. #11.

Grade Seven

## To-Night

The sky is very dark to night,  
The trees are shadowy and still,  
No moon to shed its silvery light.  
Upon my home behind the hill.

In the far distance can be heard,  
The lonesome coyote's howl,  
While near by the frightened herd  
Is calmed by old Fido's growl.



Miss Betty Newton  
Rt. 1, Box 340  
Starrenton, Oregon  
Grade 7

### The Busy Town

As I walk down the busy street.  
Many people I do meet.  
Some are short and some are tall.  
But of course I like them all.

Shop windows that look so neat  
Contain many good things to eat.  
Vegetables, fruits and lots of candy.  
Also things that come in handy.

But when I leave the busy town  
Upon my face there is a frown.  
For I like these sights to see  
And people that are new to me.

Warrenton,

Warrenton, Oregon  
grade seven  
Lorene Hamilton

### The Refugees

A broad we see such lonely sights,  
People who want their freedom  
of rights.

• Freedom of speech, freedom of press,  
Freedom to do as they see best.  
No dictators to fear, no kings  
to resent,-

America loves its presidents!  
That's why these lonely people,  
wind their way west,  
To make homes in America  
the land we love best.

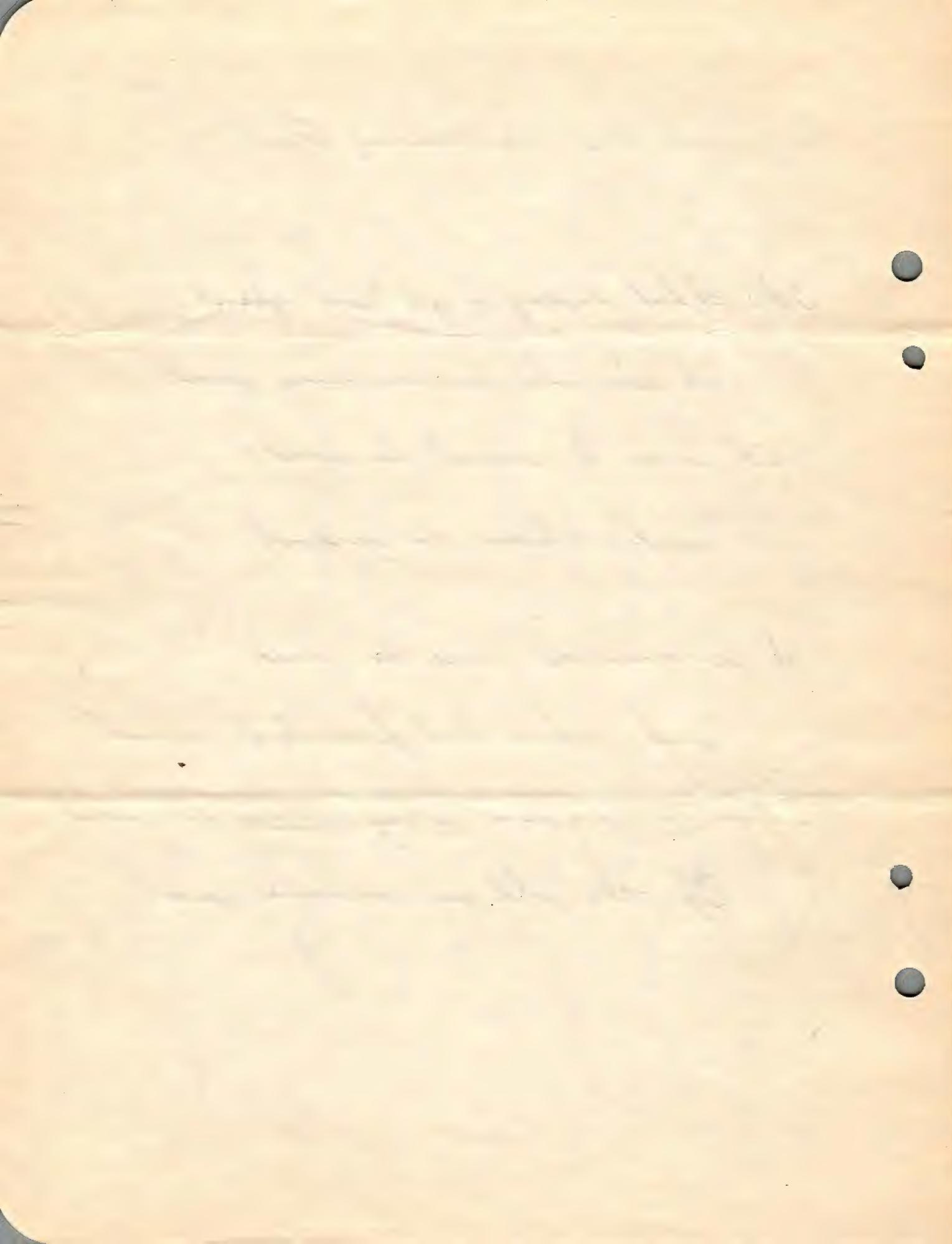
Washington

Watty Glenn  
H. L. Wade  
Camp W. M. Gregor

## the Old Swimming Pool

Oh! What happy days I've spent  
At the old swimming pool,  
But now I must lament  
And return to school.

It promised me to rest  
And when I'd finished school,  
I could again play upon the west  
Of the old swimming pool.



## The Stars

There were two little children  
All alone in the woods,

These poor little children were lost  
And as frightened as ever could be.

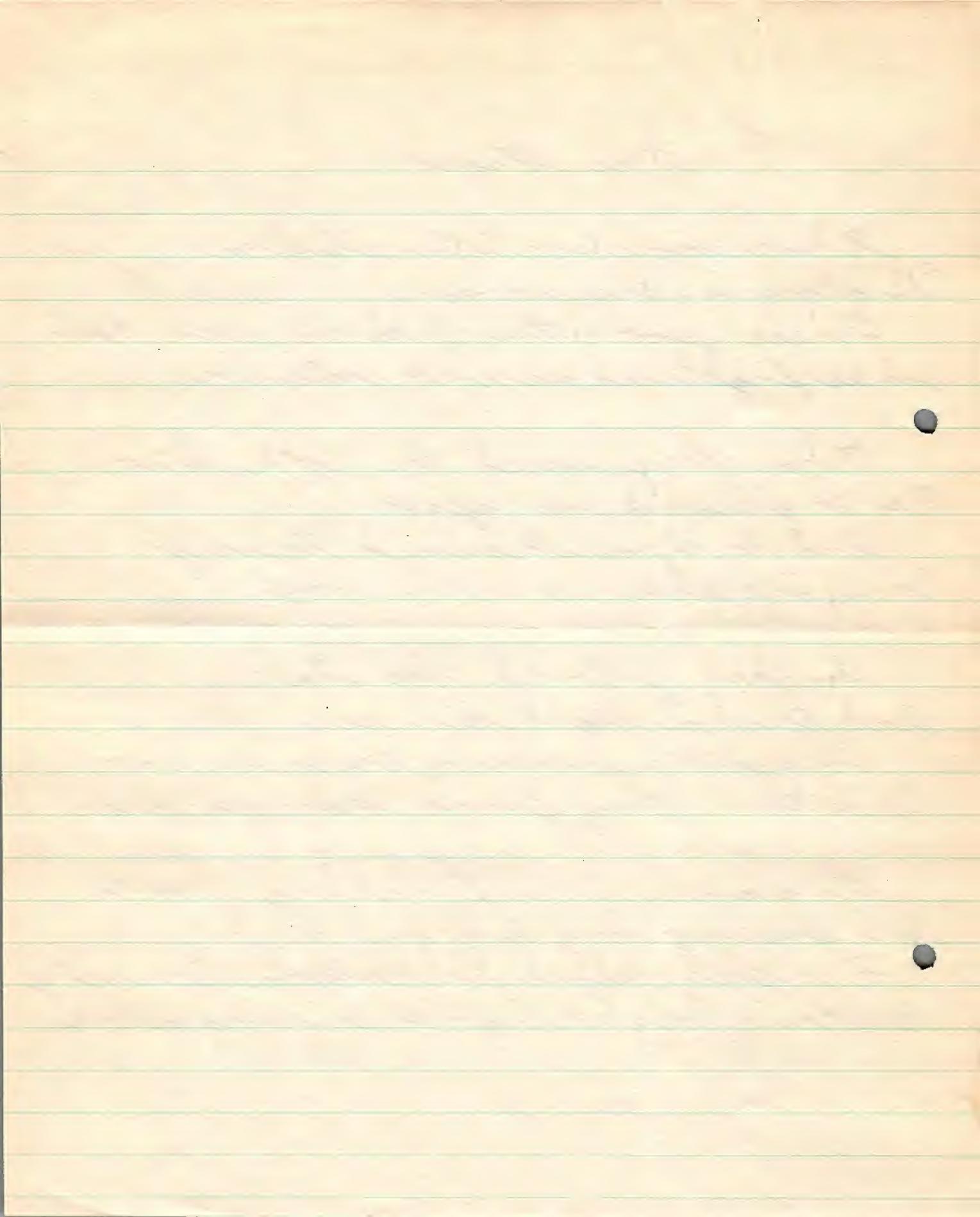
Then they spied the North Star  
As it gleamed up afar  
And to them it seemed to say  
Come, I'll show you the way.

So they followed the star,  
And then a light did see

In a little house by the river's bar  
And there they found rest and peace.

Stars are a little twinkling world  
All shining brightly on high,

For they helped the children to safety  
By their bright lights shining above.



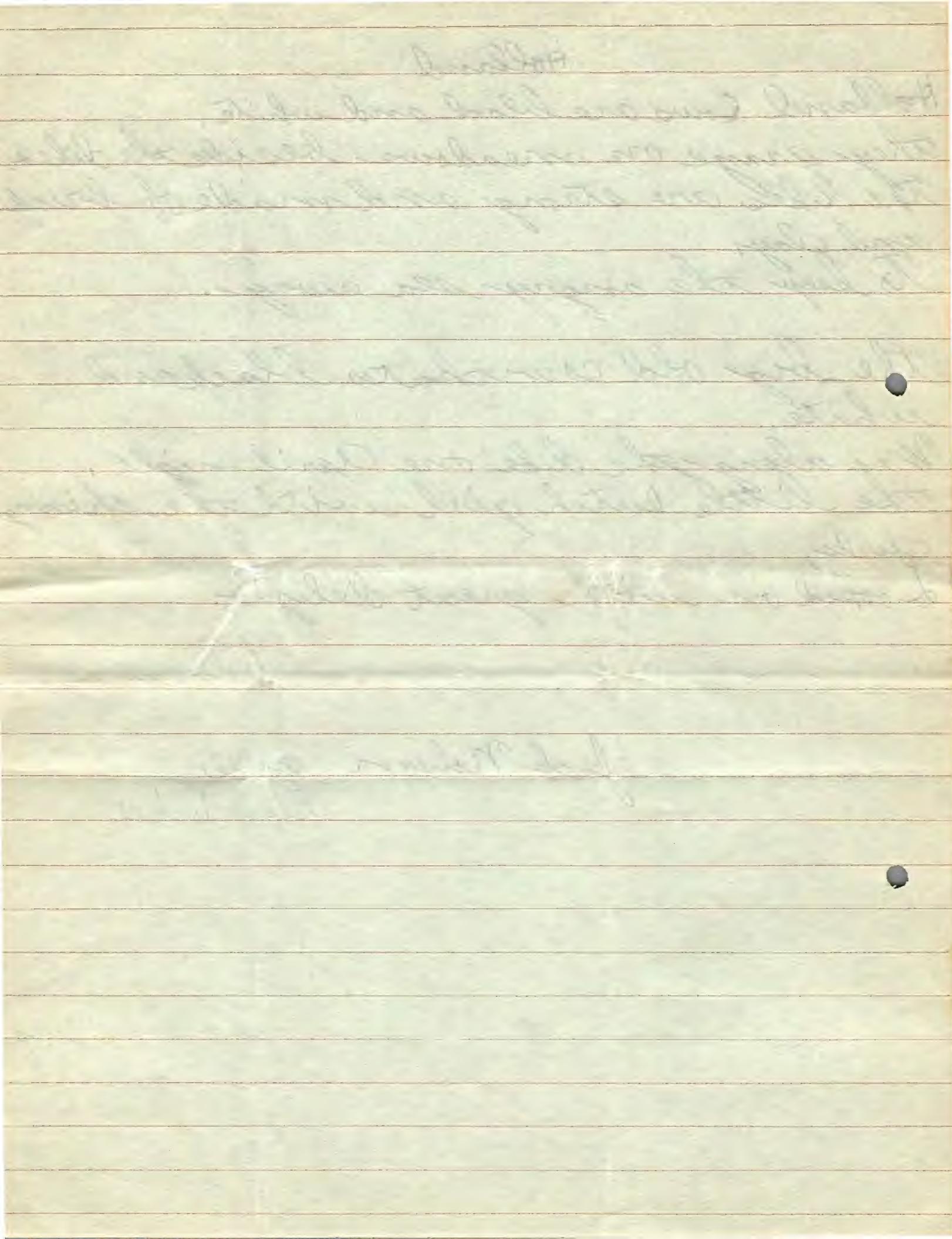
## Holland

Holland Cows are black and white,  
they graze on meadows beside the dikes.  
The dikes are strong and made of brick  
and clay,  
To keep the angry sea away.

The big old cow chats black and  
white.

Was along the dike one April night,  
the little Dutch girl with the shiny  
curls,  
Looked on with great delight.

Jack Nelson - 7th Grade  
Elsie School

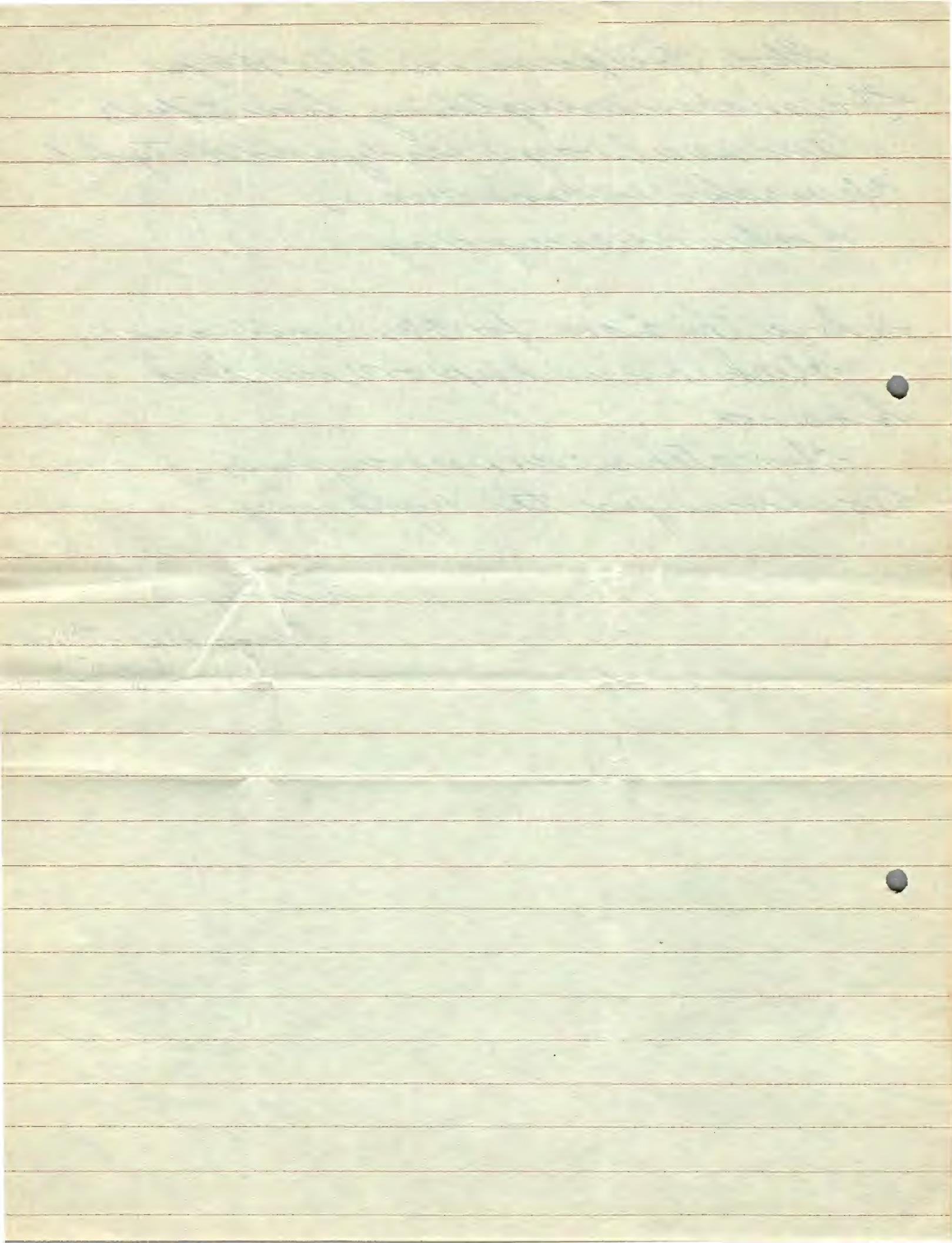


God helps us in all ways  
God makes everything beautiful,  
And is always ready and dutiful.  
He washes our sins away,  
Each and every day.

I love the Lord for He is our savior.  
He helps us keep up our best  
behavior.

He watches over us everyday,  
To show us just the right way.

Carolyn  
Randall - 7<sup>th</sup> grade  
Elsie School



## Lonely Dogs

I hope that I shall never see  
(a dog as lonely as me)  
For when it starts the break of day  
They do not want to go and play!

I never want to see a dog  
Tired up and lonely as a dog  
Thats why I do not want to see  
A dog whose lonely because of me.

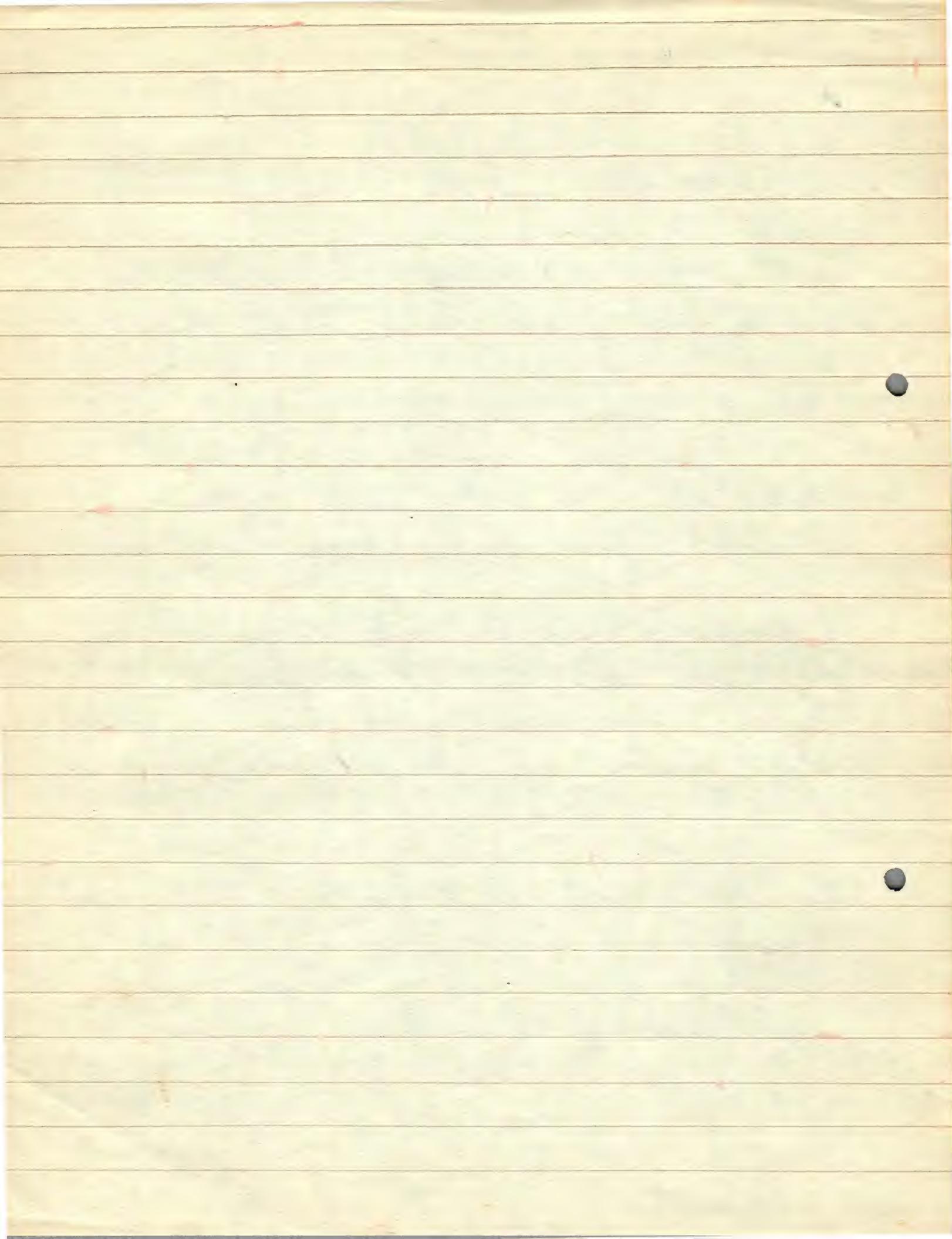
A friendly dog I'd like to see  
I think he's lots of company  
He always goes with me to school  
And makes me think that I'm no fool

By Larry Lee Trinity

Age 13

Grade 7

Chadwick School



## The Ghostly Figures

Creeping through the woods at night  
I hear the noise of things that hide  
Behind the trees with their mighty arms  
Are ghostly figures that ne'er do harm

I run so fast, and I'm never caught  
Until I've found the hiding place I've  
sought.

Ten thousand I see at a single glance  
The ghostly figures in their ghastly dance.

Then out of nowhere the sun shines bright  
And ghostly figures are nowhere in sight  
As the day goes on you'll never see  
The ghastly ghosts, because they're trees.

Betty Nixon

Age 14

Grade 8

Chadwell School

Betty Nixon

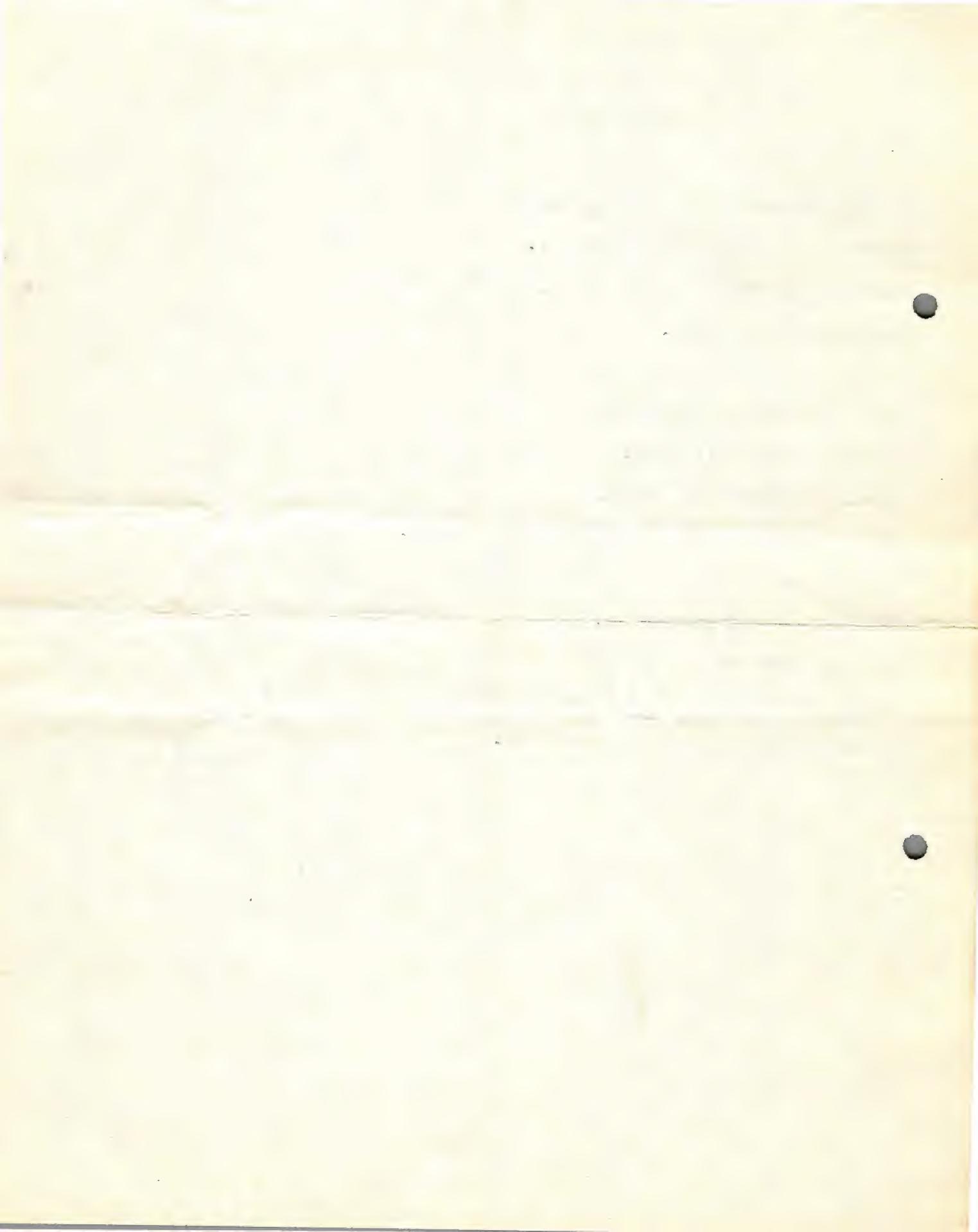
### The Daffodils

I like to watch the daffodils,  
With their pretty golden heads,  
As they stand in little rills,  
In their sunny beds.

When the breeze blows by,  
And the sun beats down;  
I seem to hear them sigh,  
As they wave in their pretty golden gown.

They dance and they wave,  
As they grow on the hills;  
Those flowers; about who people rave,  
Those beautiful golden daffodils.

Written by,  
Leo Susbauer - 8th Grade  
Elsie School



# Our Flag

I

Long may it wave on high,  
Those colors brave and true  
Long may its colors fly,  
The red, the white, the blue.

II

Long may song of freedom ring  
And echo o'er and o'er;  
So ope your hearts and let us sing  
These words from shore to shore.

Marjorie Nunn  
Original Poem

Wauna School  
Wauna  
Oregon  
Seventh Grade

Betty Jacobsen  
Seventh Grade

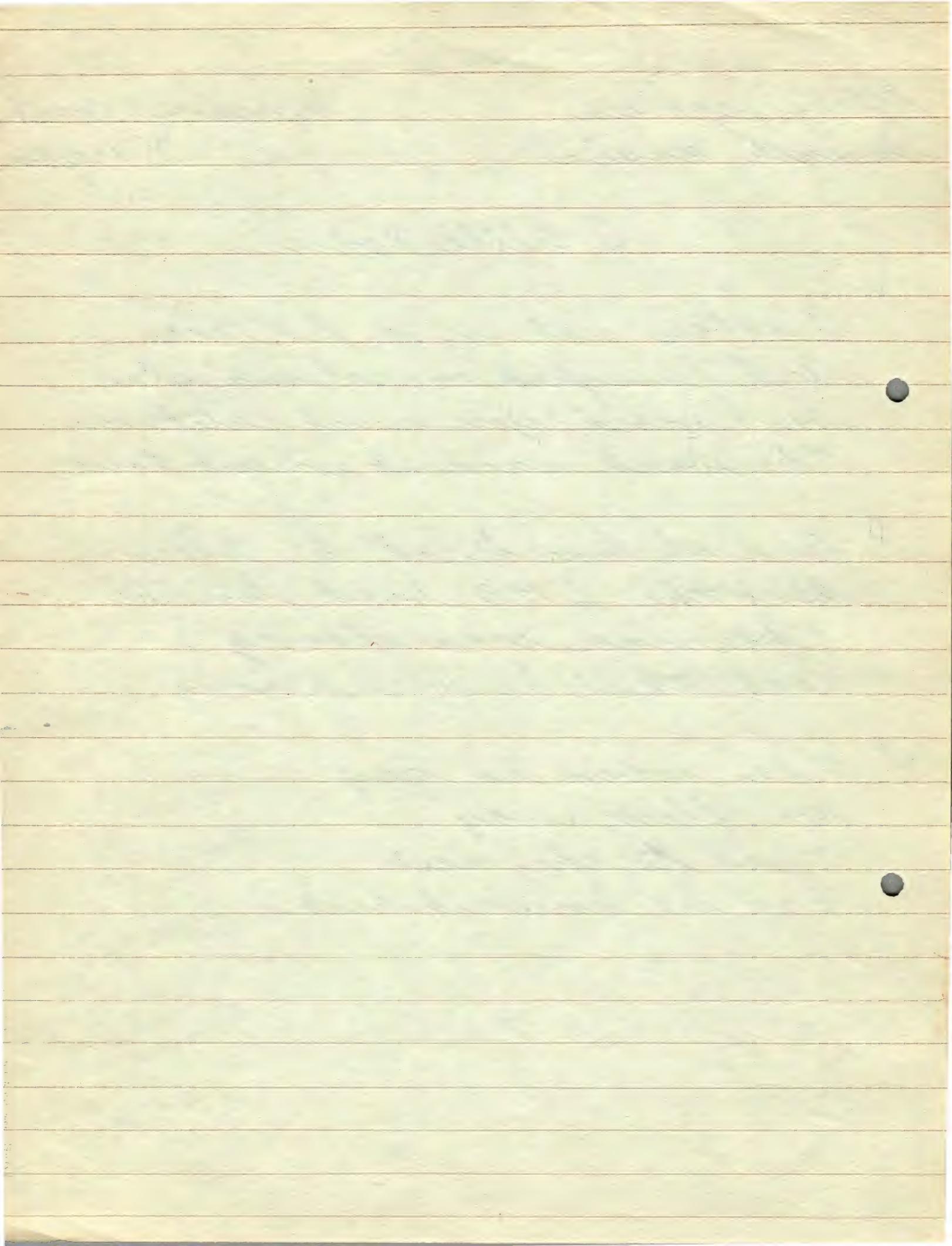
Cannon Beach  
Oregon

### A Little Robin

Y A robin sat in a fir tree,  
And laughed in solemn glee  
Hoo! wind you can't catch me  
The wind said it wasn't true.

X And oh how hard he blew  
But the little bird knew  
The wind was strong  
And that he was wrong

H The robin so gay  
He flew away  
Over to the nest  
For he knew it best.



## Spring

Spring is here and Spring is there  
The happiness we all shall share  
And pretty flowers - everywhere  
Which smells so sweet and fair

Birds and bees sing all the day  
See the people on their way  
They enjoy the spring so fair  
And flowers on their clothes they wear.

You all know we love the spring  
Those happy children dance and sing  
And keep in step with music fair  
Out side in the sweet spring air.

Jerry Tenity  
Grade 7

Age 13  
Chadwell School

Jerry Trinity Route 1, Box 345 - Astoria Oregon.

Normal Stringham  
8th grade

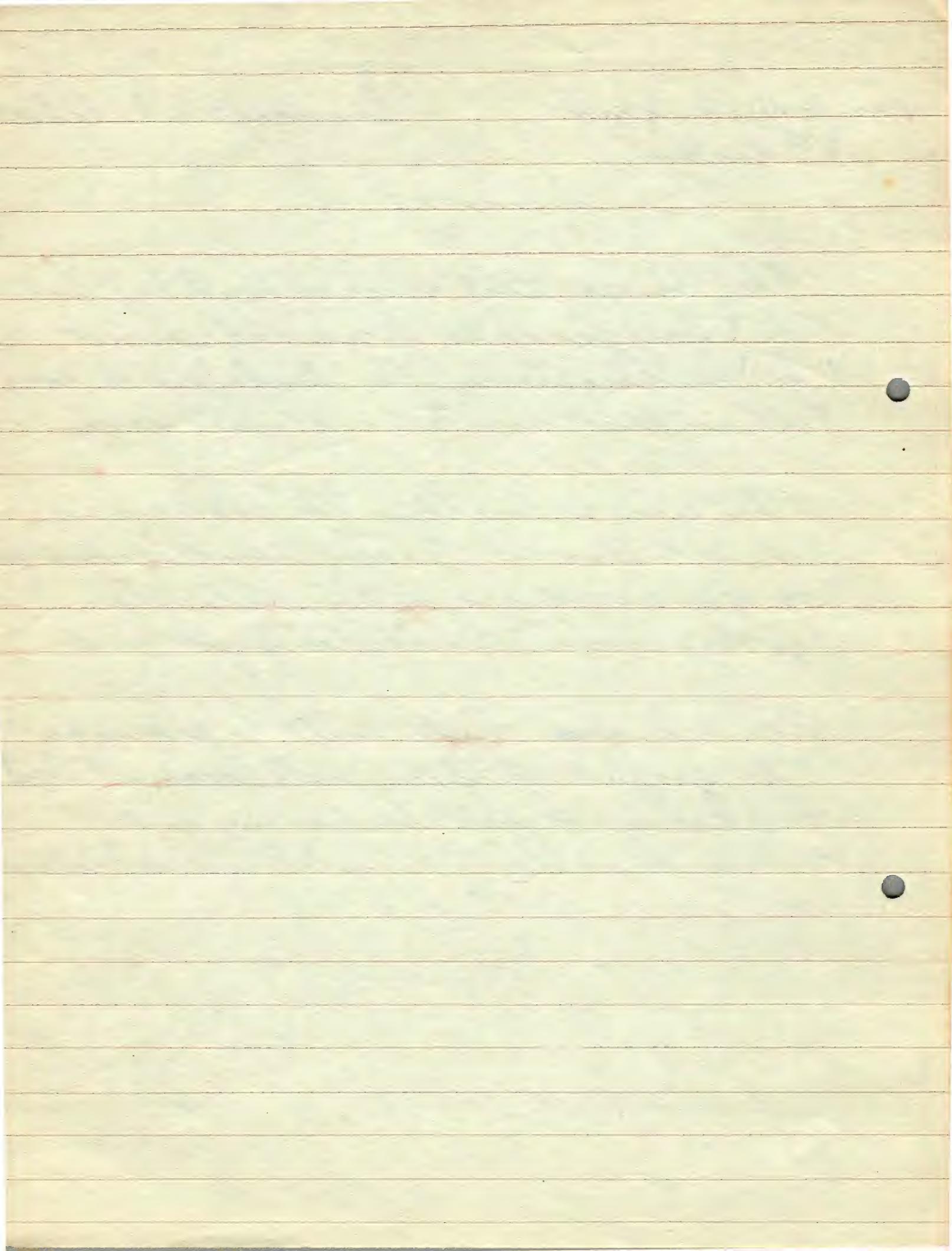
Cannon Beach School

## Summer

The flowers that dance around our feet  
The green grass so fresh and sweet  
The budding trees, the birds sweet song  
Tell us that winter is almost gone

The sun is melting the snow away  
The flowers are tossing their heads so gay  
The flowers of red, white, and blue,  
Are dancing a sprightly dance for you

The red rose buds will be piping out  
The joyful children will laugh and shout  
And every one will be having fun,  
When that long-awaited summer comes

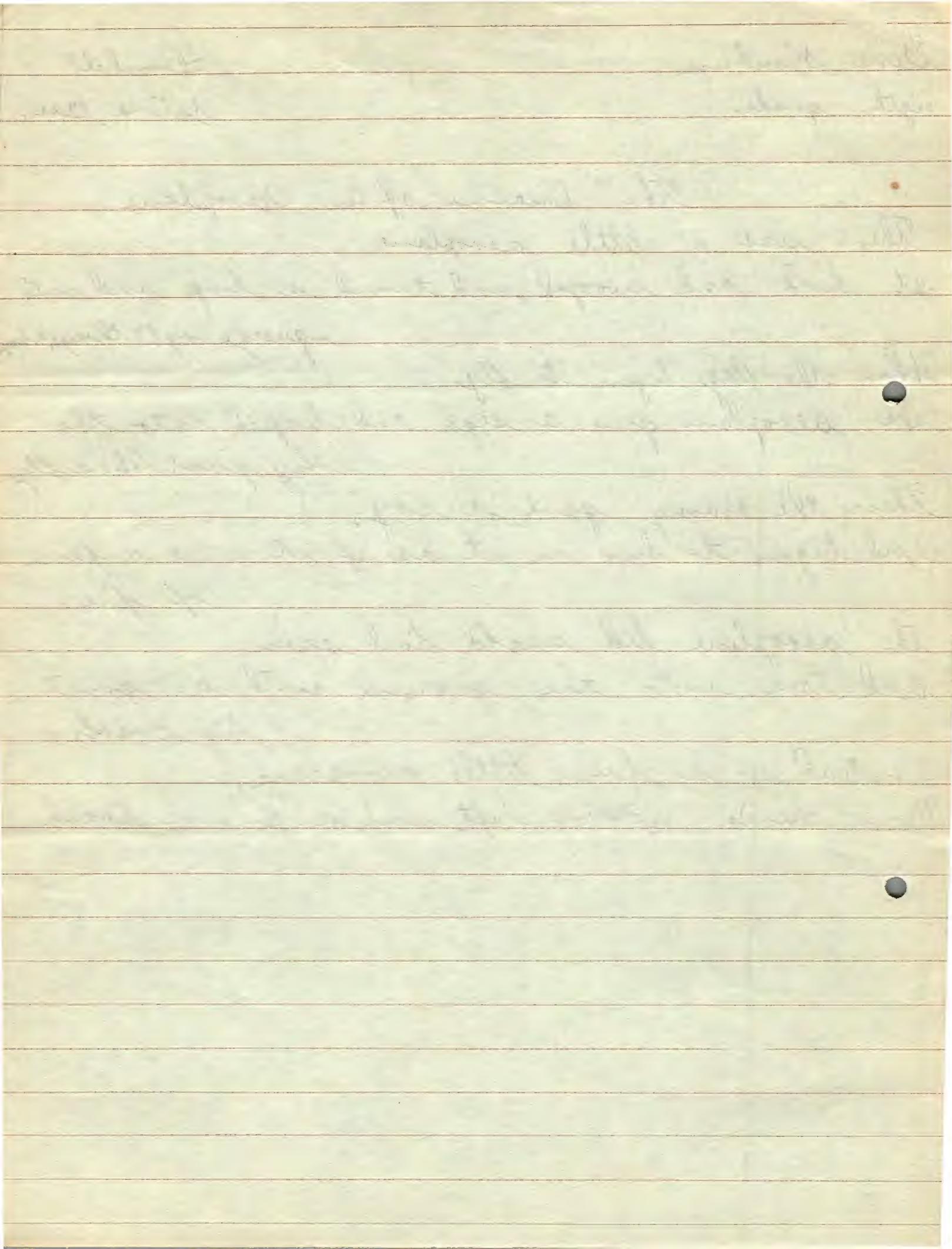


Gene Sundsen  
eighth grade

Fernhill  
Astoria, Ore.

### The Disaster of An Aeroplane

There was a little aeroplane,  
It dived and swooped and turned a loop and could  
squeeze right through a hole  
When the flag began to fly  
The aeroplane gave a sigh, and leaped into the  
sky just like a fly.  
Then the enemy gave a cry,  
And began to dive on it as if it were a piece  
of pie.  
The aeroplane did a wild tail spin,  
and tore into the ground with a great  
big crash,  
Instead of a trim little aeroplane,  
Now there's nothing left but a pile of trash.

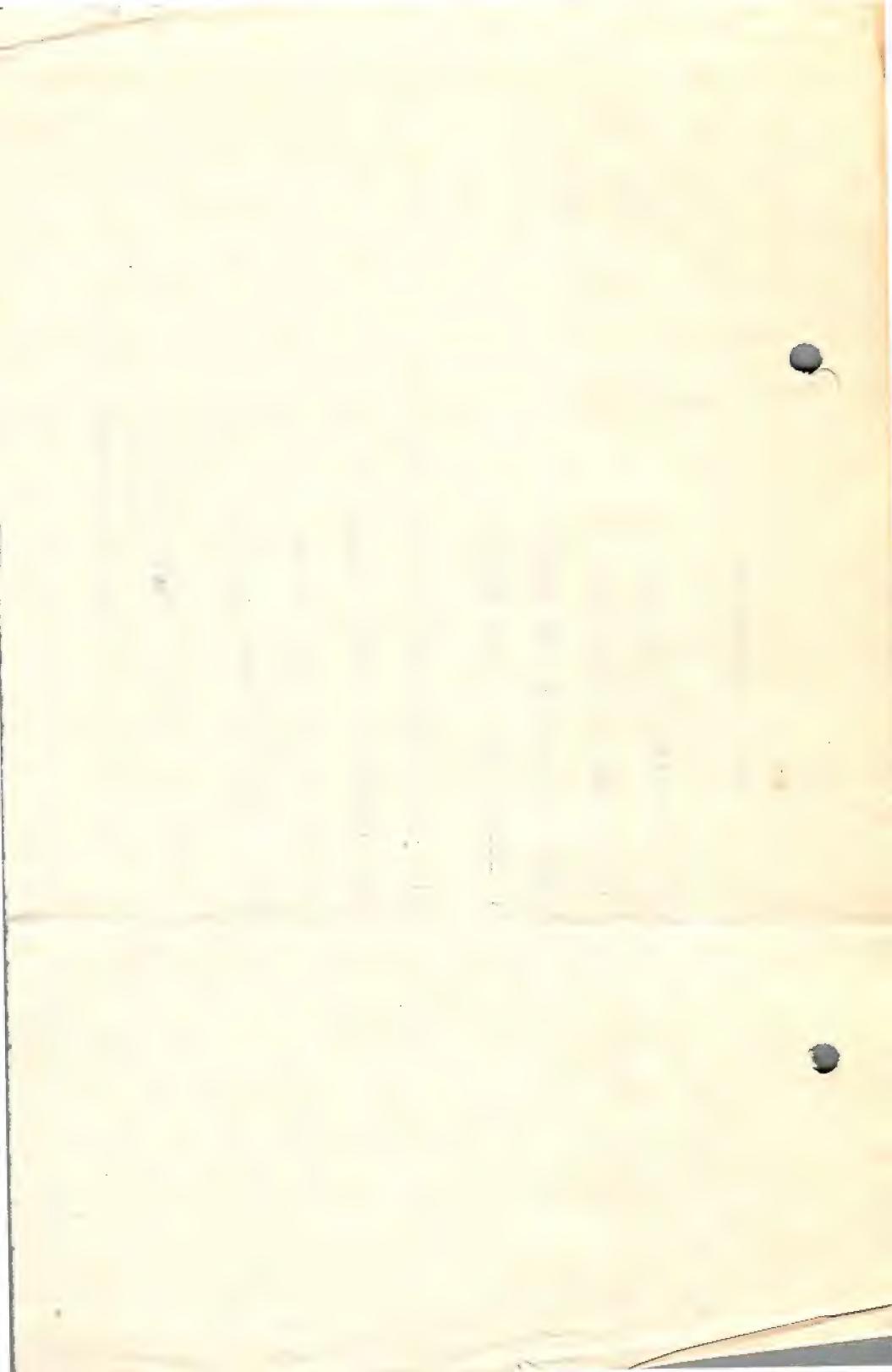


## The Steamshovel

With a whim and a whirl  
And a jump and a jerk  
I want to start and hurl  
So folks can see me work

With a healthy loud sound  
And a rhythmic chug, chug,  
I'll pound, pound, pound  
Till it's finished and dug

Jack Irvin  
Grade 8  
Hammond School

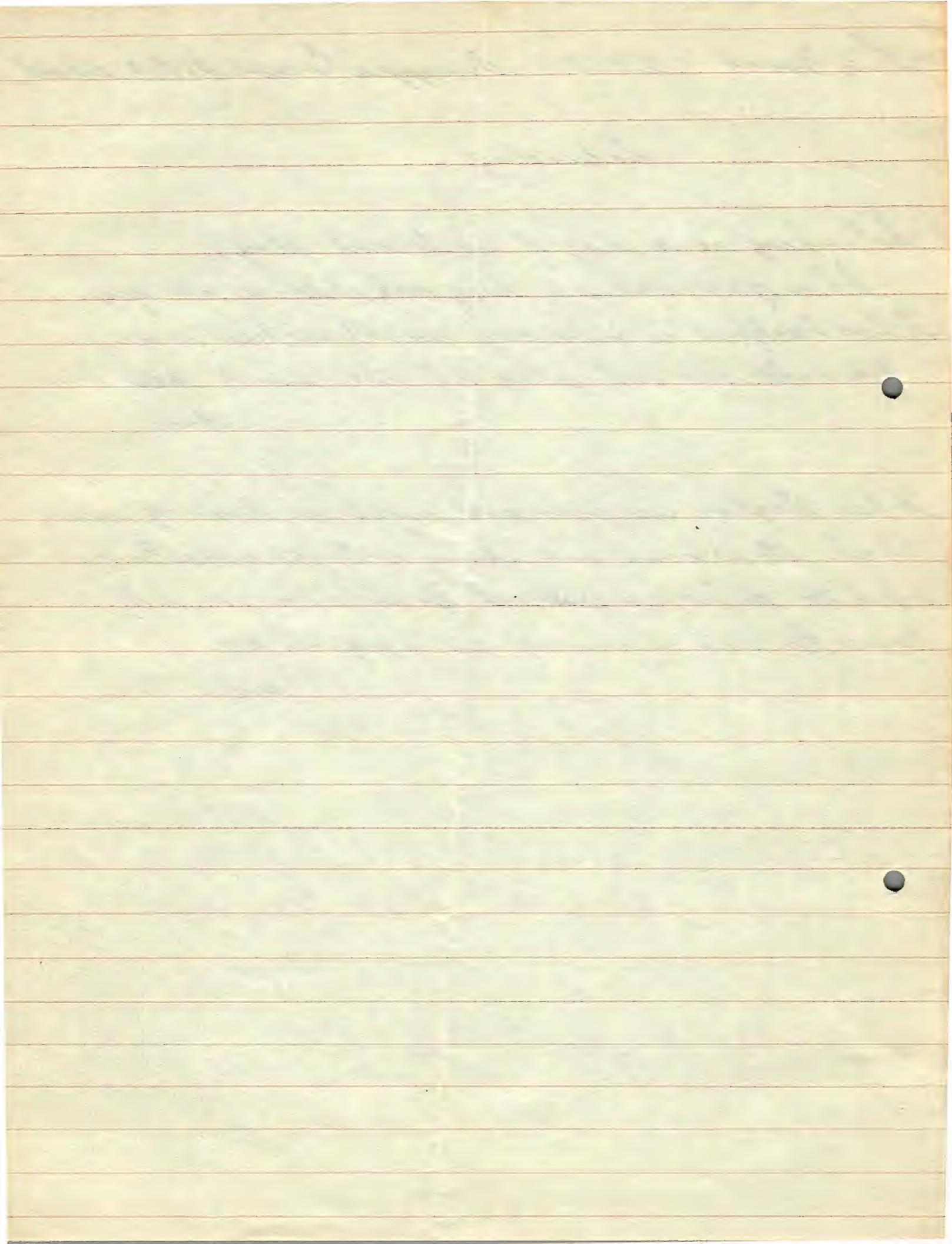


Lois Frost 7th Grade Knappa Consolidated School

## Saturday

Saturday is a day of work and play,  
When grownups are busy and children are gay.  
When breakfast is over and worktime has come,  
You can't run and play till the work has been  
done.

When daytime is over and night is drawing near,  
And stars come out shining so bright and clear.  
When the dishes are washed and the children in bed  
Comes the hush of evening as prayers are  
said.



## Arithmetic.

Arithmetic's the thing I hate.

It makes me think of a terrible fate;  
For I know what my ma will do  
'Cause I am taking home a "U."

I will get a spanking hard

For having such an awful card.

I expect your mad do the same to you,

If you walked through the gate with a "U."

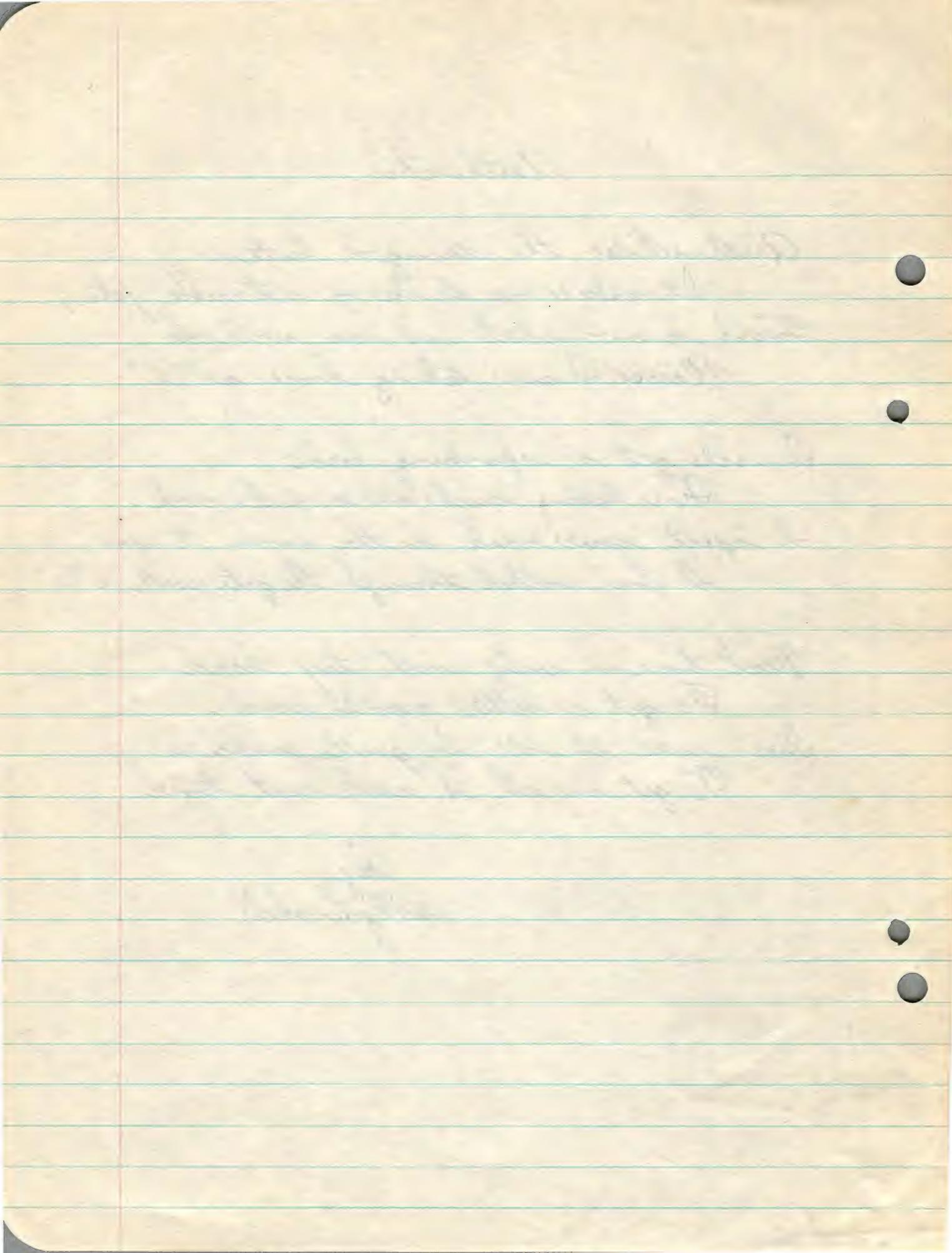
Next time I really will try hard

To get a better report card.

I'm sure it will be quite sublime

To get an all "I" card next time.

By,  
Billy Lowdell



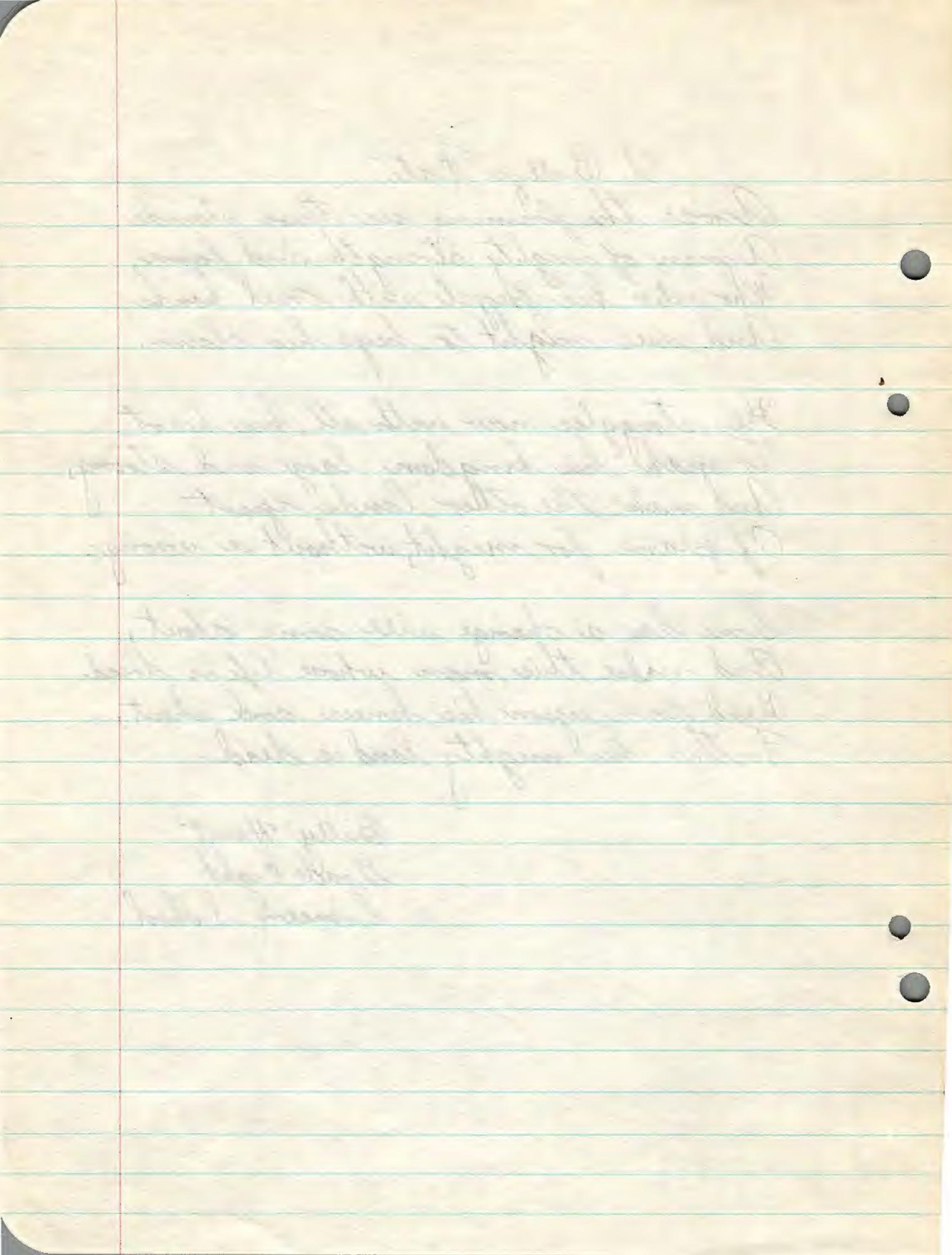
## A Bully's Fate

Across the foaming sea there stands  
A man of mighty strength and fame,  
Who rules his people with cruel hands,  
And uses might to keep his claim.

He struggles now with all his heart  
To make his kingdom large and strong,  
And make the other lands apart  
Of plane for might, without a wrong.

Some day a change will come about,  
And make this man whose life is dread  
Bend down upon his knees and shout,  
For then his mighty land is dead.

Billy Hunt  
Grade Eight  
Sweeny, School



Clarence Parker  
Grade 7

Fernhill School  
Astoria, Oregon

## Stovepipe the Rabbit

I have a little rabbit named  
Stovepipe;

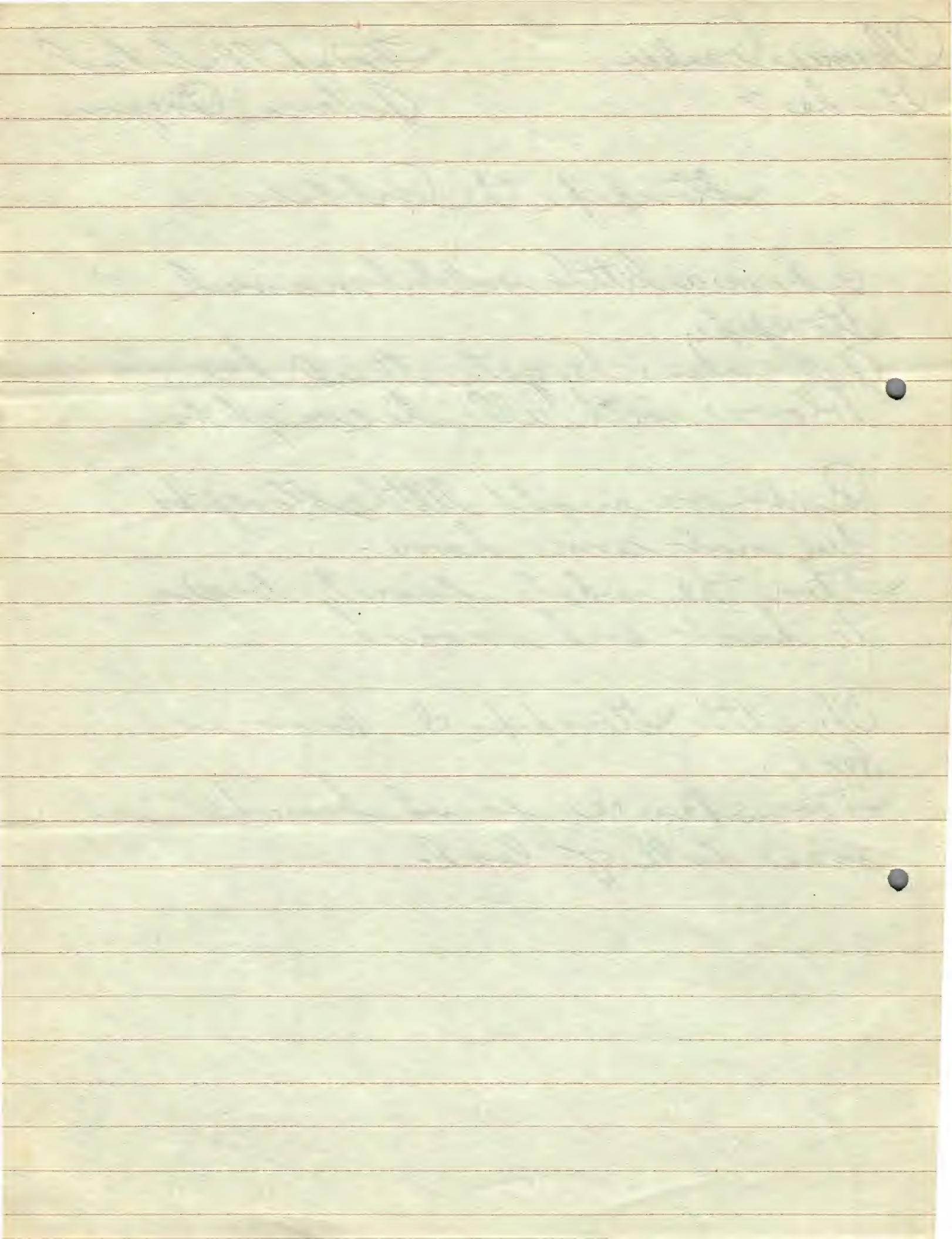
And when he gets tired he  
blows with all his might.

But one night little Stovepipe  
did not come home.

Then the whole family began  
to hunt and moan.

Oh, little Stovepipe I know is  
dead.

For when I found him he  
was full of lead.



Bettie Lane 8<sup>th</sup>

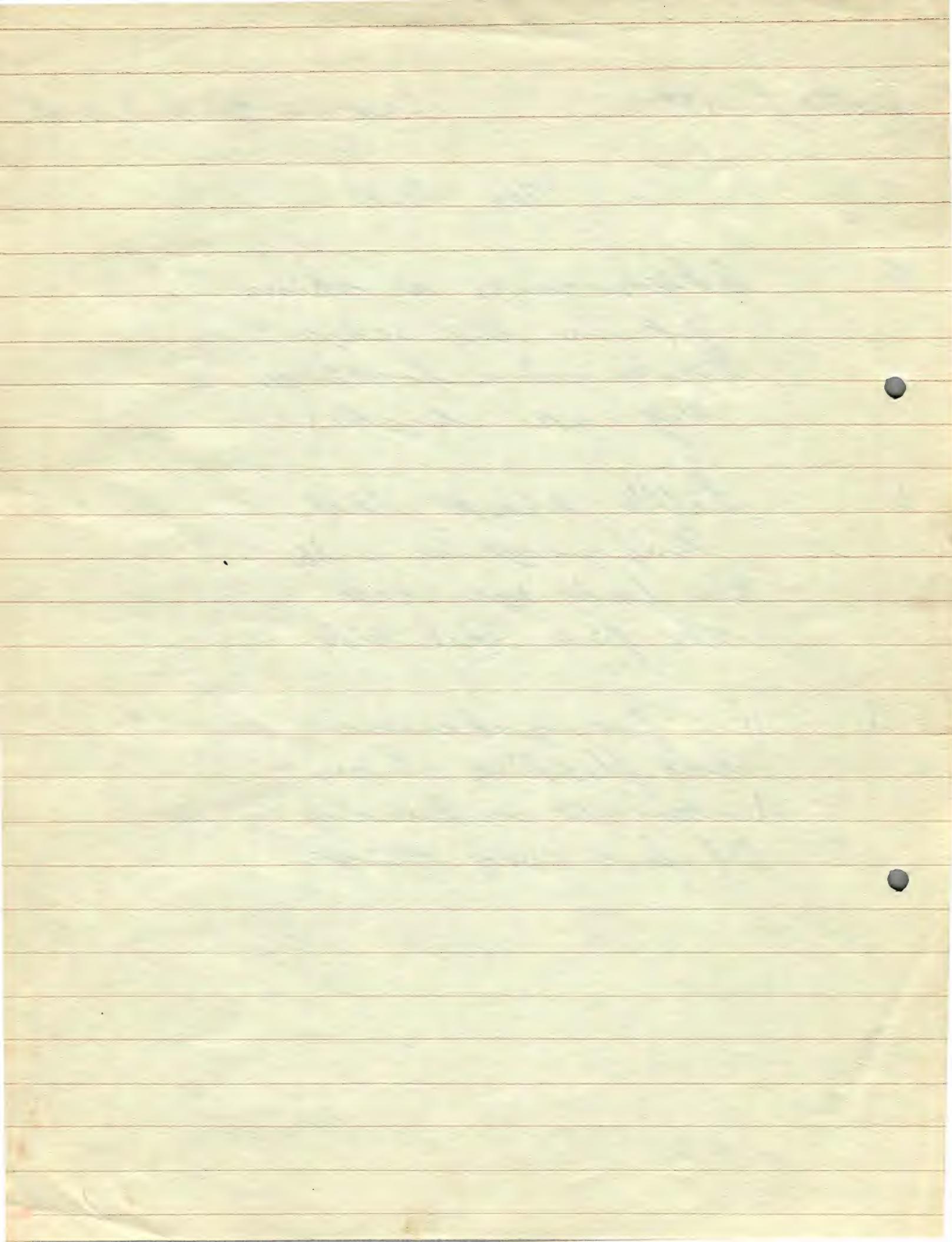
Cannon Beach School

### The Gull

I Skimming, swooping,  
Up in the sky.  
Screaming, looking,  
Way up high!

II Little sharp beak,  
And wings so wild,  
His beady eyes seek  
The fish that hide.

III His frenzied screaming  
And flapping wings,  
Interrupt my dreaming  
Of far-away things.



## Spring

It thrills my heart to see in the sky,  
The flutter of birds as they hurry by,  
To see on the bushes and trees, the flowers,  
That help to give us such happy hours.

Spring is the happiest season of all,  
When you hear the birds as they sweetly call,  
To their mates, who are building their nest in the trees,  
And the busy humming of the many bees.

And don't you think, as the cold days fly past,  
That the birds are glad to get home at last,  
Back to their homes, back to their nests,  
And back to the friends they love the best.

By Rosalie Kerr.

Warrenton

Spring

Spring is coming over the valley,  
Softly treading o'er the snow;  
Yet the snowdrops heard her coming  
In their downy beds below.

Pussy willow and the robins  
Thought they had a secret dear;  
But the robin told it to the treetops  
In his song so loud and clear.

Each bud and leaflet heard it  
And raised up its sleepy head,  
Pushing back their coverlet  
Of leaves now lying upon their earthen bed.

The brooks have started running;  
Flowers blooming everywhere,  
Birds and bees flying around us,  
Telling us that spring is here.

Ruth Hart

Warrenton

Doris Harrow  
Grade 8  
Ferndale School

## Good Old U. S. A.

I am glad I am a citizen  
Of the good old U. S. A.,  
Where we go to school

To learn about our country every day.  
Our country gives us freedom  
To let us run and play,  
Our fathers and our mothers  
Can have a word to say  
How the country should be run each  
and every day.

The little children in Europe  
Don't have a chance to play,  
Because they have to be on the watch  
If a bomb should come their way.  
They are taught to put on gas masks  
And to do as dictators say,  
We are thankful we are citizens  
Of a free and happy land,  
And that our homes are in the  
good old U. S. A.

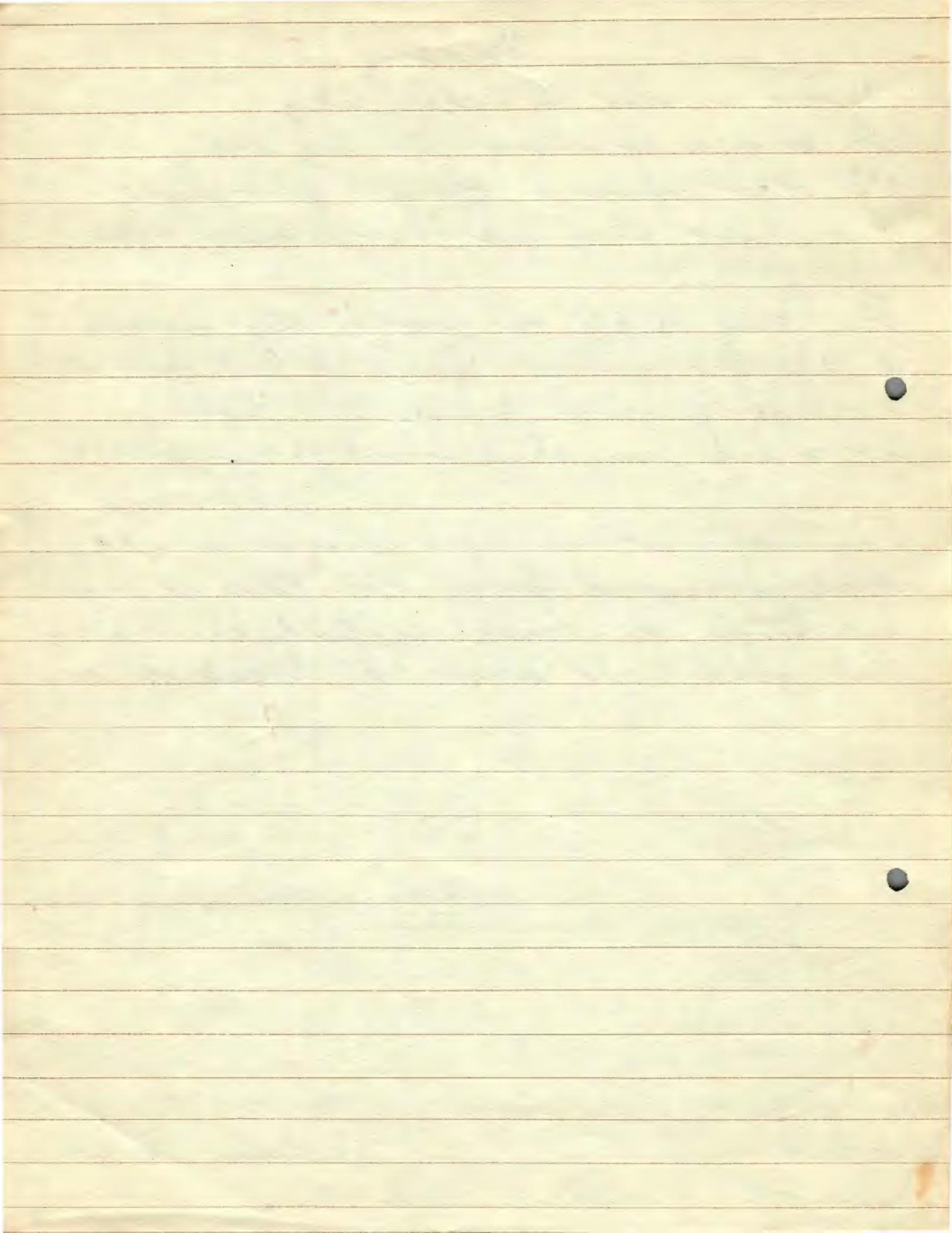
## Wandering

I saw a star in the sky  
It seemed to stare in my eye.  
Of other stars I thought that night,  
And how they got their shining light.

The king of all the north star seemed;  
I thought of how this star had gleamed,  
For forty years before its light  
To reach us this moonlight night.

The moon whose light was so bright  
Had borrowed from the sun at night  
To help the travelers find their way.  
And guide the stars till break of day

By - Arthur Gustafson      Route 1, Box 252  
Age - 14      Astoria, Oregon  
grade 8<sup>th</sup>.      Chadwell School



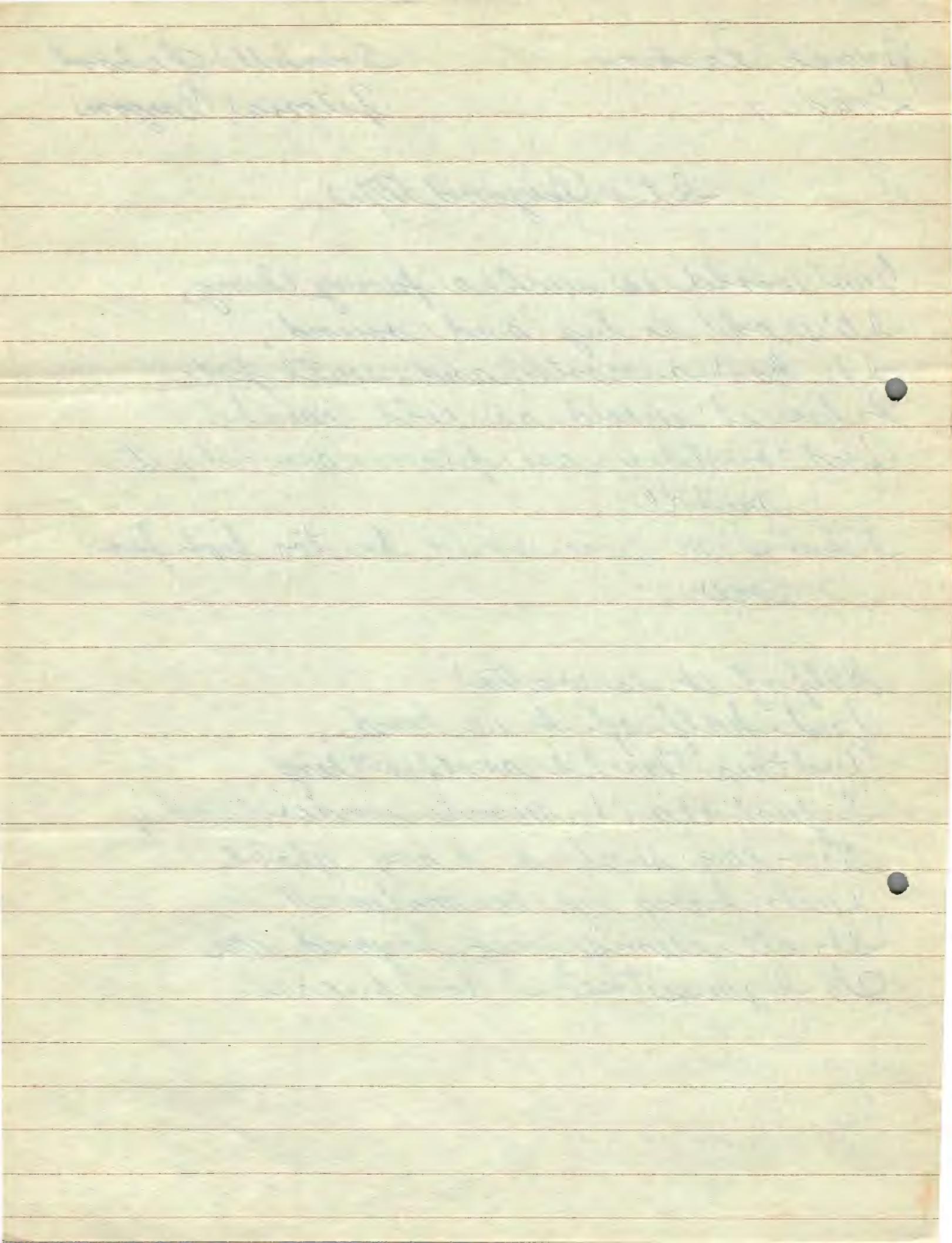
Lennah Parker  
Grade 7

Fernhill School  
Astoria, Oregon

## It's Beyond Me

Our world is such a funny thing,  
It's oh! so big and round,  
It has a north and south pole  
Where it's cold as cold can be,  
And then there are places around its  
middle  
That I'm sure would be too hot for  
me.

Half of it is water  
And half of it is land,  
And then there's another thing  
I just can't seem to understand,  
How can such a heavy globe  
Just hang up in midair?  
It all seems just beyond me  
So I guess that I don't care.



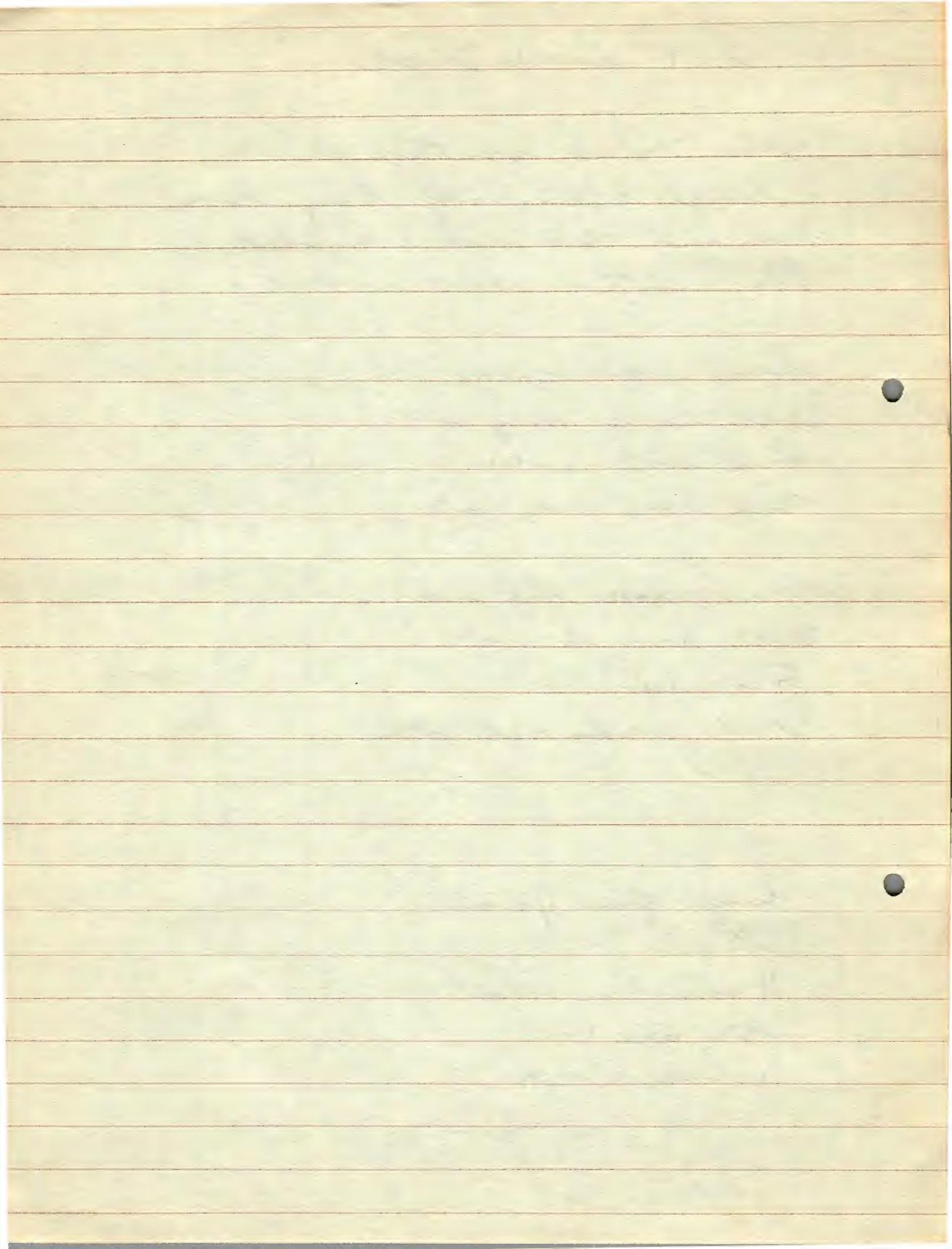
## A Flower's Trials

Mother Nature scatters flowers  
Throughout her many busy hours;  
Here and there and everywhere,  
She scatters them without a care.

Some will grow,  
And some may not,  
Some will wither,  
And some may rot.

Even those that rise  
Will have to battle -  
For their lives  
With weeds and cattle.

Annie Jean Jarvis  
Grade 7  
Walluski School  
Rt. 1, Box 907  
Astoria, Oregon



# The Old School House On The Hill

1.

The old School house on the hill,  
Stands deserted and lonely.

No more do children shout and play,  
As they did in those old days.

2

The weeds have grown around it,  
Its flowers are dead and gone.

The fence has fallen to the ground,  
And even the flag pole is down.

3

The walls once bright with paint,  
Are old and grimy now.

The windows all are shattered,  
Stained and covered with dust.

4

Good times we had there,  
Will never come again.

The friends we made are gone,  
From the old school house on the hill.

Luella Davidson  
Grade 7  
Ferndale School

### THE WONDERS OF RAIN

The rain comes down in little drops,  
And gaily down the street it hops.

It moistens the fields and fills the brooks,  
And give the trees fresh green looks.

It floats the ships that go out to sea,  
And waters the birds, we like to see.

It makes the ice upon the pond,  
Which the children love to skate upon.

It cooks our food from day to day,  
And help the trains go on their way.

It gets our clothes so clean and bright,  
And makes the colored rainbow light.

It is an important thing we know,  
It makes the wheels of industry go.

With all these virtues we have been told,  
There are millions more that can unfold.

*Bobby Reed*

Washington

## My Wishes

I wish I were a vagabond  
I'd travel near and far,  
To travel to the way torn lands  
To see just how they are.

I'd travel in the mid night sun  
And steal throw jungles with a gun  
I'd stare each lion in the eye,  
And say "you better run or die".

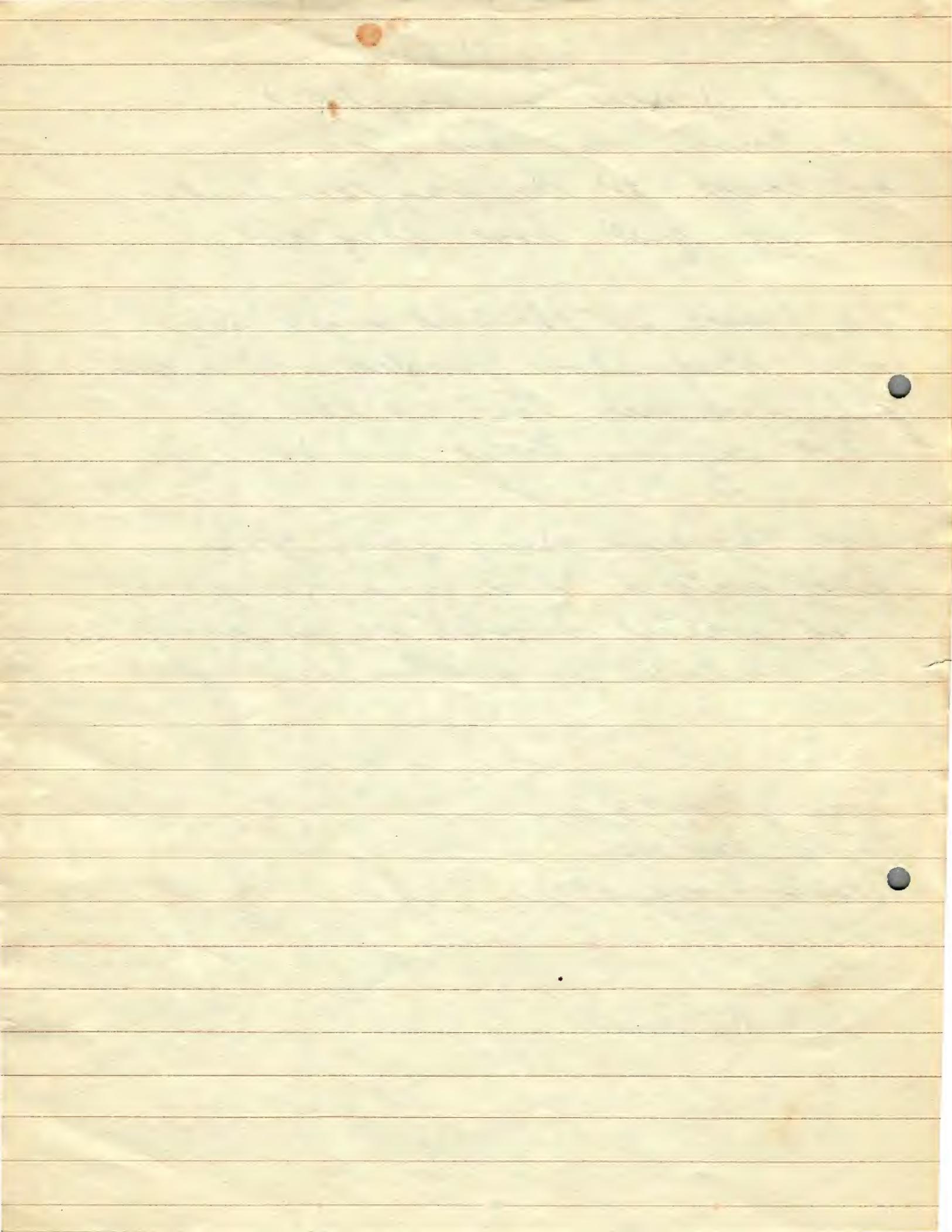
I've been in many many zoos  
I've watched those funny kangaroos  
And wished I could go far away  
To Australia for just one day.

Tommy Young  
Route 1, Box 345  
Astoria, Oregon

Grade 7

Age 12

Chadwell School

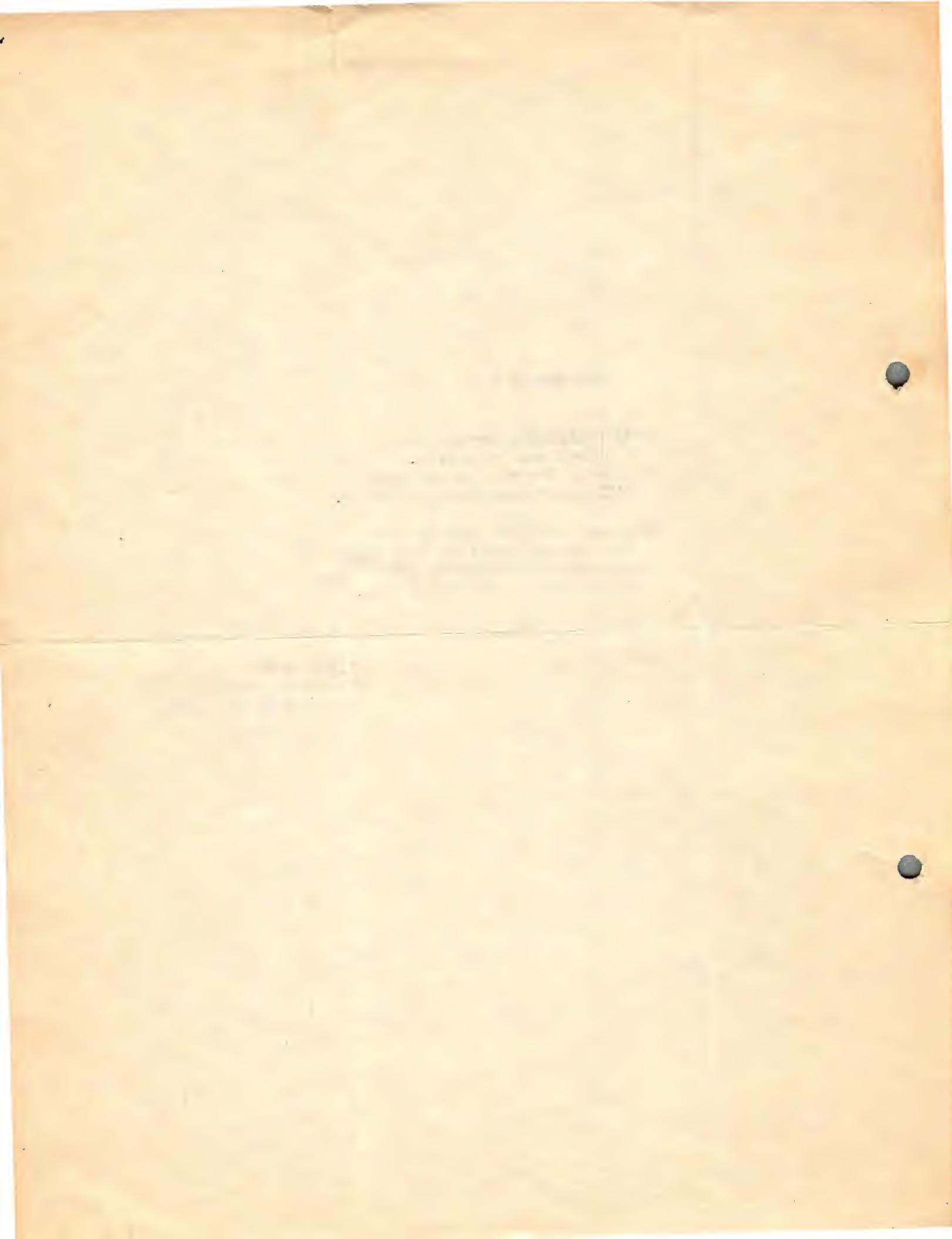


### The Garden Gate

Today beside the garden gate,  
I chased away my sorrow.  
This is my favorite garden gate,  
I'll swing there again tomorrow.

Other sorrows have gone to rest,  
The same as mine have gone today.  
Down by the old forgotten gate,  
Where I chased my sorrow away.

Wilma Perry  
Westport, Oregon  
Westport Grade School



## America the Best

America will always be here  
Forever and a day  
Because when God made it  
He meant for it to stay

We don't march through small countries  
Just to hear them groan  
We are a peace loving nation  
We leave our neighbors alone

America is one place  
Nazis will never reign  
Because we don't want our country  
To be covered by Nazi stain

If ever we were conquered  
We would never give up hope  
and whoever harms our land  
Will end up on the end of a rope

Some day Hitler will get his  
And I hope I am around  
To see that unworthy tyrant  
Lowered into the ground.

By Colleen Moore  
8th Grade Seaside Grade School

Not bad is it?

SWB

Set on back Park  
Gulf

85.80

